

Over 500,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

May 15, 1943

PRICE

3d



PASSED BY CENSOR

By ...
JOHN STURDY

How could he tell her what was in his heart when another man would read the letter?



THE letter was scrawled on yellow paper, and the writing was bad, probably because the ship had been rolling heavily at the time. The ink was blotched in several places, and in that respect the letter was no different from a dozen others that Rawlings had been reading from the pile on the wardroom table.

The letters, from a ship that had been to sea for almost a month, said very little.

They talked about the weather, but in much the same way that ordinary people talk about the weather in letters. They said, "It rained cats and dogs to-day." They did not talk of the black watches in the rain or of the bitter cold and the frozen railings and the frozen fingers. There was none of that. Instead, they said, "Are you still true to me, honey?" and "Maybe I'll be getting leave pretty soon, Mother!"

Rawlings had been holding this particular letter for several moments. And now he bent his head and read it again:

"There are a lot of things I'd like to tell you, Betty. Not about the ship or what we're doing, but about you and me. Things like what are in my heart right now. But I can't get used to the idea of someone else reading my letters. There has to be a censor, and I know he doesn't care about you and me, but I just can't write how I feel—I can't say the things I want to say."

The writer was a boy named Morgan. Rawlings knew him, because he was on one of the short-range guns, a good lad and a capable gunner. All of Rawlings' gunners were capable, for Rawlings was one of the best gunnery officers in the escort force and he had trained them well. They worked like a machine.

Rawlings let the letter lie in his hands while he read it again. The thing embarrassed him. He did not want to read any man's letters. He was shy of the personal, he steered wide of sentiment.



He was annoyed by his embarrassment. I'm not interested, Morgan, in you and Betty Clark. You could say all those things that are in your heart, and I wouldn't know I was reading them. I'm only interested in you as a gunner.

Some of this Rawlings said half-aloud to the empty wardroom. He said it unconsciously, as he sometimes spoke in front of his control tubes before an action. Rawlings was young, but his eyes now looked like those of an old man.

Smith, the sub-lieutenant, came into the wardroom. He was wet from head to foot. His baby face glistened with water, and his hands were so numb that he could scarcely hold the cigarette he fished from one of his inner pockets. He collapsed on the little settee.

"Helping with the mail, Guns?" he asked.

Rawlings did not reply. Then the Old Man came into the wardroom. He had two weeks' growth of beard on his face and his eyes were bloodshot. Never once on this voyage had the Old Man been inside his cabin. He had lived in the wheelhouse, most of the time with inches of water on the deck.

"Mr. Rawlings," he said, "close up your guns."

Young Smith's eyes registered quick interest. "Going to be a party, sir? Subs around?"

"More than subs," the Old Man said. "A raider. A couple of cruisers are looking for her. Thank heavens, we've dropped the convoy. Any tea?"

On deck, Rawlings called for the leading hand of the watch. Waiting, he looked out to sea. There was a haze on the horizon, and from that Rawlings knew to expect either rain or fog.

The leading hand came up on the run. He stood smartly while he listened to Rawlings' orders.

Rawlings' voice was brisk, as it always was when he dealt with seamen. He knew what he wanted.

He spoke to each of his men. His bloodshot eyes were steady and his voice was deliberate. They might expect action. If it came, it would be severe. He expected each man to do his part, and knew he would. The crews were attentive, and they listened to Rawlings, and they said, "Yes, sir."

The last man he spoke to was Morgan, on the starboard short-range gun. With a youngster named Walsh he controlled the gun, and he was proud of it.

"Keep your eyes open," Rawlings said.

"Yes, sir."

Rawlings suddenly realised that he had heard nothing but "Yes, sir," since he had come on deck. Not another word had been spoken. And now he looked into the serious face of Morgan, and those lines of the letter came back to him, and with that the embarrassment, He shuffled his feet.

"Well," he said, self-consciously, "we'll soon have another trip behind us. Perhaps it'll be a refit this time. I'll be looking for a bed ashore. How about you, Morgan?"

"Yes, sir."

Rawlings lowered his eyes to the deck. "I suppose," he began; "I suppose—" Then his head jerked nervously and he said, "Carry on," in that brisk gunnery voice of his, and walked away.

"Guns seems to have something on his mind," young Walsh commented.

Morgan patted his weapon. "This

"Keep your eyes open," Rawlings said to the two men on the short-range gun.

is it," he said. "Only that guy doesn't ever think of anything but this." He thought of his Betty...

The officers met in the wardroom, all except Hastings, the first lieutenant, who was on watch.

"All set?" the Old Man asked Rawlings.

"Yes, sir. All set."

The Old Man went up to the bridge. Rawlings walked to his cabin off the wardroom and put on an extra pair of socks under his sea-boots. He glanced at a picture nailed to the bulkhead, and his eyes lingered for a moment on the girl's smiling face. Then he strapped a collapsible lifebelt around his waist and got into a heavy sheep-skin coat.

He relieved Hastings on the bridge.

"Twelve knots," the first lieutenant said. "Course two-one-seven. What's for supper, do you know?"

"Beans," Rawlings said. He suddenly grinned.

He called to his lookouts at their stations around the bridge. A chorus of "Yes, sir," answered him. He leaned on the forward rail and stared into the descending night.

"The things like what are in my heart right now."

They didn't know—neither Smith nor Hastings nor the Old Man. He couldn't tell them the thoughts that came to him in the hours like this. Could he tell them about Helen? Could he tell them about the baby he had never seen?

They never knew of the dreams he dreamed or the pictures he drew in the dark of night.

Fog!... He moved to the other side of the bridge. "Keep your eyes open," he said to the muffled figure there. The ship suddenly rode in a wrapping of grey.

The fog hung for a little while, and then it fell away from the ship. Rawlings peered over the forward rail at his gun.

He thought of Morgan on the after gun. Morgan was probably dreaming of his Betty. And probably repeating in his mind the things he couldn't say because of the censor.

A lookout called, "Ship bearing 030!"

The Old Man was beside Rawlings. They stared into the blackness. A dim shape was outlined on the starboard bow. She looked big, and she was not a warship. Either a friendly merchantman or—

"Ring action stations, Mr. Rawlings," said the Old Man in a quiet voice.

Why not
Look Fitter &
Feel Fitter



"I never enjoyed such wonderful health before. I sleep well and get up early every morning feeling ready for anything. It's all due to Bile Beans which have made me look years younger. I wouldn't miss my Bile Beans at bedtime for anything."
—Mrs. A. BUTLER.

THERE are days when you feel "fit for anything." Others when you're at odds with the world. But it's easy to be fit and stay fit, to sail through your days with cheerfulness and zest. Health will come to you the Bile Beans way.

Bile Beans, the ideal tonic-laxative, ensure smooth working of the alimentary system. They remove the wastes that spoil your health and complexion and cleanse and tone up the system.

So, to keep fit and stay fit, to open each day with vigour and vim, take Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

By Regularly Taking

BILE BEANS

(Pave the way to victory—buy War Savings Certificates)

Please turn to page 4

Safe for
Baby's Skin



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chase-Brough Manufacturing Company.

VIM

cleans pots and
pans quickly—

NEVER SCRATCHES

A LEVER PRODUCT

7.107.35

THE CHILDREN

"Delayed shock," said the doctor, little guessing how the trio had been amusing themselves

IT was late afternoon when the children arrived at Great-aunt Allison's. They climbed out of the railway carriage looking as if they had started in the rush that they had, and as if they had been sitting unwashed and uncombed in the appallingly delayed train for as long as they had.

Gerda at twelve was usually a neat child, but now her fair pig-tails had the fuzzy look of a poppy stem seen against the light.

Harold, left to himself, always looked a scrub. Father sometimes said he wished Harold would spruce up a bit, but mother always laughed and said no one wanted a boy of ten to look spruce.

The guard, who had promised to look after the children had appeared without warning and said: "Here you are. This is where you get out." They had almost tumbled from the train. The guard had lifted Virginia on to the platform. She had been asleep.

"Have we got everything?" said Gerda. "Our suitcase. Oh, Harold, where's your gas-mask? Quick, get it before the train goes."

The guard was still standing by. He got leisurely into the carriage and found the jampot tin which held Harold's mask.

"Here you are. Three of you, three masks, one suitcase." He looked round and saw a gaunt elderly woman coming down the platform. "I expect this is your auntie that you don't know." He gave Gerda a little push. "Better go and ask her."

Gerda glanced at Harold in a desperate way.

"You come, too."

The two children walked forward nervously. Harold managed a polite, unmeaning smile.

"Excuse us, but are you our great-aunt?"

The gaunt woman was less gaunt seen close to. Her smile was warming and her eyes kind.

"No, I'm your auntie's maid, Sarah. She would have met you herself, but Prilly, her dog, is lost."

A lost dog was a tragedy which swept thoughts of tiredness and shyness from the children. Harold might have known the dog personally, his voice was so concerned.

"Gosh! How awful."

"What kind of dog?" Gerda asked. "Pekingese, nearly thirteen but still full of fun."

The guard, seeing his duties were over, had moved off, leaving Virginia yawning sleepily on her own. "Oh, look at the poor little thing, she ought to be in bed."

"She's not so very little," Harold objected. "She's nearly seven."

But the maid was paying no attention to him; she was now all bustle and efficiency.

In the car the children and Sarah made friends.

"You may find your auntie a little upset," Sarah hinted. "Prilly upset her so that she's not at all herself. I took the message from your father, and I explained to her: but she's old now, and doesn't seem to remember about the war. You mustn't think it's funny if she doesn't know why you're here in such a hurry and all. It's just that she forgets. You must have had a shocking time."

Six eyes were turned on her, and the children thought back to last night.

It had been the first big air raid on London. They had been evacuated from the South Coast, and they had only been waiting in London for new plans to be made.

There was an idea of a cottage in the country somewhere just outside London, but that had not been found yet, and meanwhile they were back in the London house, which had seemed funny for they had not lived there since the war started.

They were so used to raids that it had been nothing when the siren sounded; they had put on the jerseys and things that they had ready for sirens, and picked up their gas-masks, and a book, and Gerda her knitting, and had gone to the kitchen, which was in the basement and sandbagged and boarded.

A pot of tea was the right start to any air raid, and Lizzie, the maid,



always prided herself on having a kettle on before the siren had stopped warbling.

In a very little time, the first big bang had come, father and mother had looked at each other, just a quick look, and then father had said, "That was not as near as it sounded," and then came the next crash and the next and then a queer feeling as if the wind was blowing a gale in your face, and at the same time there was a crack that hurt and a blinding flash of light.

On that flash everything seemed to happen at once. The light went out and the windows came in, and everything was covered with queer-smelling dust.

There was a pause after that while they listened to things falling. It was as if stones were being tipped over a cliff, and the cliff was just outside the door. When things stopped falling it seemed quieter than it had ever been before. Then father had turned on his torch and had gone cautiously to the door and after a pull opened it a little way and looked out. He shut it again quite quickly and turned round, and in the light of his torch they could see he was smiling as if he had seen something funny.

Harold was getting tired of the dark. "Why don't we go to the public shelter up the road. They might have some lights on." Father was wandering round the room with his torch, examining the floor, roof and walls. "We can't do that, old man. There's a lot of mess outside the door, better wait for someone to come and tell us where it's safe to walk?"

The children were thrilled. "Do you mean somebody will come and rescue us?" Gerda asked. Father said, "Why not? Why shouldn't we have the fun of being rescued? In fact, I think I'll be carried out on a stretcher."

They roared at the thought of that, then stopped at Lizzie's voice; it was much higher pitched than usual. "Can't we get out neither back nor front, air? D'you mean—"

She was interrupted by mother. "We could, of course, but what the doctor means is there may be a stair given way or something. We don't want to sprain our ankles."

Father was over by the stove. The gas had been turned off when the raid warning went, but the primus was still there. "What happened to that pot of tea?" he asked.

That took Lizzie's mind off how to get out. Guided by father's torch, she groped round and found the teapot.

The tea drinking had been fun. Father had said that they would be extravagant and put a whole week's ration of sugar in the tea, and it was no good anybody saying they didn't like sweet tea because they were going to drink it. It was the proper stuff for people waiting to be rescued. They all had to share a pudding basin. They could not find anything else that was uncracked.

They stood in a circle, and mother invented a game. Each person had

"There, she's gone and nobody need know but us," said Harold.

to say some rhyming lines before they had a drink. The mixture of rhymes was funny and made the children giggle.

There was a feeling of flatness when the tea drinking was over. They could not go on using the torch for fear the battery would give out. They tried playing talking games for a bit, and then quite suddenly the children stretched out and fell asleep.

They were awakened by father's voice. He was shouting to somebody.

"Yes, we're safe. No, no gas leak down here. What? Yes, the area's the only way, the other side is hopelessly blocked."

The children sat up then. They were amazed to hear it was after seven o'clock, and the all-clear had gone, and that they had been really trapped all night. There was no way out, but now the men from the rescue squad were digging the stuff from the area, and soon they would be free and able to get some breakfast.

It was not really so very soon. It was after nine when the mess was cleared, and a hole made for them to climb through. Outside in the street there were a lot of people and ambulances waiting, and the children felt shy because everybody cheered when the rescue party men brought them out, and made a fuss as if they had done something brave, instead of just sleeping on their own kitchen floor.

"What about our clothes and

Sarah, in the kind of voice people use to babies. "I've been telling them we're going to take great care of them, isn't it?"

"Children!" Great-aunt Allison's face was puckered. "What children? Do they know anything about Prilly? Dear Prilly, she's gone."

Sarah took Virginia's hand and put an arm round Gerda.

"No, they don't. They're your little great nephew and niece come to say good night. Come along, dears. Give your auntie another kiss and then come and have your supper."

The next morning everything felt quite different and much better. It was a sunny day, and there was an especially good breakfast, and then the children were sent into the garden to explore. It was a perfect sort of garden. It was simply made for hide and seek.

There was a fruit and vegetable garden with a stone wall round it, and a nice gardener called Adams working in it. He seemed to know about them.

"Good morning. I was hopin' you'd be along. There's a few raspas, still on the canes. Pity you shouldn't have them."

They finished the raspberries and thanked Adams.

"We're going to explore some more," Gerda explained. He nodded.

"That's right. You run about in the fresh air. That's what you should be doing."

Harold regretfully left the last raspberry cane.

"We'll have a look for Prilly, shall we?"

Adams shook his head.

"You won't find her. Been gone three days she has. Got out and been run over like as not. Very blind she was. Anyways, it's better she

shouldn't be dead, not if she's dead. As long as she's only missin' the old lady won't give up hope."

The children explored the bottom of the garden. It was queer down there it had been left to grow wild, but once there must have been a garden, for among the weeds there were geraniums and snapdragons. It was while they were finding the garden flowers that they discovered the well. It was covered up with boards. Wells, Gerda told the other two, were dangerous; you could fall down them and never come up again. Harold resented being taken for a fool.

"I know all about wells. If you think I want to fall in you're wrong."

"I know, too," Virginia piped. "Ding dong dell, pussy's in the well."

Gerda was grubbing about looking for more flowers. Now she stood up looking white and queer.

"Oh, goodness!"

"What is it?" Harold asked.

"Prilly. She's under that bush. And she's dead and she's looking awful."

"Where? And how do you know it's her?"

Gerda turned her head, and pointed in the opposite direction. Harold knelt down to investigate.

Gosh, she is dead. Poor little thing. I suppose we'll have to take her to the house."

Virginia had a surprising way of listening when you did not think she was. She said now:

"We can't, Adams said. Anyways, it's better she shouldn't be found, not if she's dead. As long as she's missing the old lady won't give up hope." That's Great-aunt Allison he meant.

Please turn to page 20

By NOEL STREATFEILD

toys?" Virginia asked, staring at the ruins.

"Mother put an arm round her. "Never mind about them, we'll have to find some more. The great thing is that we're all safe."

That was the end of it really. They had breakfast, and brushed the mess off as well as they could, and mother went off in a taxi and came back with a suitcase with some new clothes.

"They aren't up to much, darlings," she said, "but they'll have to do for the moment."

Then father, who had been away telephoning, came back and said they ought to be starting, and that was the beginning of the journey to Great-aunt Allison.

Great-aunt Allison, when they saw her, did not seem alarming, only silly. She held her head on one side and they had to kiss her cheek.

"These are the children," said

"ACTION"

N.S.W. official organ of the N.E.S.

says . . .

TORCHES

The only casualty recorded in the press during the Jap. plane's recent night flight over Sydney was that of a lady who fell down some steps and badly gashed her leg on her way to the air raid shelter.

Possibly the lady was not carrying a flashlight when the accident happened. Had it been a really dark night, more accidents of a similar nature may have taken place.

It would be a good idea if wardens spoke to householders in their area to make sure that they have their flashlights in good working order. As many have not used their flashlights since daylight saving came in, it is possible that the refills have weakened and should be renewed.

Daylight saving, as much as the holiday from alerts, has resulted in a more relaxed, happy, and lazy with their

to . . .

you

To-day

ing the

is much

before

session

the

In A

far a

Their

magaz

his

year

of

tem

For

hav

sh

vita

Ma

Die

Depa

pora

her e

deliv

on

Check your flashlight immediately!

When buying refills ask for

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

THE EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY

When you can see —
You're Safe!



It makes
all the difference

To know that, although the years are mounting up, one continues vigorous in mind and body, self-confident, alert, adaptable, and still able to play one's part in the world, makes all the difference. What was expected to be the downhill road of life has become a broad plateau, a high plain of maturity stretching further than one can see, upon which one finds a new delight in living.

A man is as old as he feels, and very many have told us that a course of 'Phyllosan' tablets has made them feel ten or twenty years younger. We have no doubt that you, too, will be astonished at the results if you take these tablets regularly.

PHYLLOSAN

helps to keep you fit after forty

'Phyllosan' tablets are obtainable of all Chemists and Stores.

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London

Don't spend—LEND. Buy £10 National Savings Bonds.

RAWLINGS

saw the flash. By some instinct he had been waiting for it, certain that the ship was no friendly merchantman.

And as that first gun opened fire he was speaking down the tube—deliberate, unhurried. Almost before the shot fell, far wide of them, his own gun spoke.

Rawlings stood with his feet wide apart, his cap on the back of his head. He felt a glow in his cheeks, a quivering of the veins in his neck. Now at last! Now it was all wiped away—the homesickness, the longing.

He talked. He spoke to his gun crew, not through the tube, but personally, as though the men were beside him. He cheered them, he told them they were getting closer—the Huns were no good, not even a near hit—closer and closer, and now! His whole body leaped.

From the enemy ship came a burst of flame.

"Again!" he shouted. "Again!"

The gun spoke. It raised its small, lone voice against the chorus from the enemy's battery, and again flame was its echo. Two hits! And the last one, Rawlings knew exultantly, had been a telling one.

The big ship was closing them. Ten thousand tons she must have been, studded with guns, injured and angry now. She was closing to wipe this impudent little vessel off the face of the ocean. And, as she came in, Rawlings' gun stung her again. And from aft he suddenly heard the sputtering of the short-range weapons coming into play.

He was conscious of the Old Man's voice altering course. The big ship was growing larger, and her outline was distinct. Then suddenly she began to blur. Rawlings realised that the fog was closing in again.

One more, he asked—one more! His gun spoke again.

Then the little ship shuddered violently, stopped in her tracks, seemed on the verge of breaking in two. She was hit simultaneously fore and aft, the foremost shell bursting on her gun platform, smashing the gun to pieces.

Rawlings fell backwards across the bridge, while his legs buckled under him. When he tried to rise, one leg made him sick with pain. He crawled a little way. He saw dim figures still standing, and he heard the Old Man's voice. Then he felt something beside him, and he saw the outline of a face against the deck.

"Smith!" he cried.

Smith did not answer. But the boy was alive. Rawlings called for men to take him below.

But he refused help for himself. He was seized with only one thought—to get to the short-range guns. They might still be in action, and when the fog lifted, when the big raider came in for the kill, he wanted to be beside his remaining guns, firing one last round into her.

He crawled down from the bridge and along the deck, climbing over twisted and broken pieces of metal and setting his teeth against the pain in his leg.

He heard the raider's guns speak again, and he halted, but there was no echoing sound. She had lost the range. Then he laughed a little between his set lips and crawled on.

He found the starboard gun. A lone figure was crouching beside it. He said, "Morgan?"

"Yes, it's me, sir."

He crawled closer.

"Walsh was hit and taken below, sir," Morgan said. "The port gun is out of action. The ship is sound aft. How about forward?"

"The gun's gone," Rawlings said, trying to get into a position that would ease his leg. "Mr. Smith was hit."

"You're hurt, sir."

"Pain in my leg, that's all."

Morgan's face was close to his. "Thank Heaven for the fog, sir. We let him have it, didn't we? You hit him at least three times—I think you smashed his bridge. And I got him—I sprayed him aft."

They waited for a time in silence. The fog hung low. They saw nothing; only heard the rush of the water past the hull.

"Got many rounds?" Rawlings asked suddenly.

"Enough, sir."

A little later Rawlings said, "Jove, I'd like a cigarette!"

"I've got some gum, sir. Have a piece?"

The wrapper on the gum was

Passed by Censor

Continued from page 2

sticky, and Rawlings knew it was blood.

"You're hurt," he said. "Better go below."

The gunner laughed. "And let you have the honor?—Don't make that an order, sir. I've never disobeyed one."

There was silence again. And then:

"You got a girl, Morgan?"

"Yes, sir!" The voice sounded surprised.

"So have I. We were married two years ago."

"I haven't had time for that yet, sir. But I'm hoping."

"Yes," said Rawlings, thinking of the letter. "I didn't need to ask you." And then he said, "Marry her. I've got a baby now. They say he looks like me."

Rawlings tried to ease himself a little. He was sweating from the pain in his leg, and he was cold at the same time. He kept staring into the black and foggy night, wondering how near the raider might be to them now. From the feel of the ship under him he knew that the Old Man had put on full speed.

"I wish something would happen," Morgan muttered.

So did Rawlings. Whatever was coming, he hoped it would be soon. It was maddening to lie here and wait, and his leg was hurting him fiercely, the pain running up his side in swift jabs.

"I wonder," murmured Morgan, "what the civilians are doing on a night like this." He laughed. "Funny, you and me, lying here, talking about women."

"It's a pleasant subject," Rawlings said.

He was thinking of home.

MORGAN

was speaking again. His head was close to Rawlings, close enough for the gunnery officer to hear his labored breathing. Morgan was hurt more than he admitted. And now, speaking in short sentences, he began to tell Rawlings about his girl, and there was no longer any trace of shyness in his voice. In the darkness he spoke of the things in his heart. And soon, when he was finished, Rawlings told his own story, talking to Morgan as he had talked to no man in his life. He even forgot a little of the pain.

"Some things," he said, "you can't put in letters, even if there wasn't a censor. Some things you have to say with your lips."

"That's right," Morgan said. "Funny you telling me all this, sir."

"Why?"

"Well, we never figured you were like that, sir. I mean—"

"I know what you mean. It's all right." Then suddenly his head jerked. "There she is!" he cried. "Get on your trigger, Morgan!"

The black shape was indistinct in the rising fog, but they could recognise the raider. She was perhaps a thousand yards away, per-

haps closer, because it was difficult to estimate distance in the murky night.

A spurt of flame came from her. They heard the whine of a shell over their heads.

"Give it to them!" Rawlings shouted to Morgan. He tried to lift himself on one knee.

"Here goes!" Morgan cried.

The gun opened fire in a rapid burst, and tracer bullets screamed out like brilliant comets toward the enemy ship. Morgan kept his thumb on the trigger until the belts were empty, until the last shell had left the hot barrel. Then there was swift silence, and Rawlings heard a short sigh escape from Morgan's lips. He leaned forward and reached out in the darkness to put his hand on the gunner's shoulder. "Good show," he muttered. "Good show, kid."

There was a sudden flash in front of his eyes. For a second he saw the whole ship bathed in light, Morgan leaning over his gun, the sea gleaming below them. He was knocked against the gunner, and the pain in his leg screamed at him, and he felt blood on his hands. Then he lost consciousness.

Dimly, some time, he thought he heard gunfire. When he fully awoke he was looking at the sky, and it was light. He turned his head, and he saw Morgan sitting in a pile of empty shells, his face red with blood and half the clothes torn from his body.

He lifted his head. He saw the broken, twisted deck of the ship, and he realised, with a strange feeling, that she was afloat, that she was under way.

Morgan said, "Look sir!" and pointed to the sea.

Rawlings strained his neck. His heart gave a leap when he saw her—grey and clean and swift—and he saw her ensign and his eyes grew wet. She was a cruiser.

Her signal projector was blinking. He caught part of the message before the light blurred: "... on opening fire at five thousand yards. Enemy sank in twenty minutes. We have survivors. Would not have caught her but for you. Well done."

Rawlings saw Morgan's blood-splattered face, grinning. "Looks like I'll get married, sir," he said, and he leaned forward on his gun and faintly.

Before Rawlings went on leave he remembered something. He remembered that just before the action he had stuffed his pile of letters in the drawer of the ward-room cabinet. He took out the one to Betty Clark, and then he found a sheet of paper and on it he wrote:

"I know the things that are in his heart. They are the same things that are in my heart when I think of my wife. And though we can't put them into words, you and she must understand, as I know you do. He loves you very much."

Rawlings placed the note in the envelope along with the letter. Then he sealed the envelope and stamped it with the official stamp and initialed it:

"Passed by Censor."

(Copyright)

CUTEX MANICURE

Owing to war conditions, there is a shortage of Cutex, so make the most of your supplies. Instead of using Cutex regularly, a good plan is to reserve it for special occasions.

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
- MOST ECONOMICAL
- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL



COMMON PEOPLE

£1000 prizewinning serial by
A. E. MARTIN

PEL PELHAM, spruiker, contracts to manage a fasting act by HENRI SAPOLIO, and borrow £200 from his friend, SKIN ROGERS, bookmaker, to finance it. In return he agrees to try to stop a girl, whose flat is in the same building as the Sapolios', from blackmailing Rogers.

The girl turns out to be an old acquaintance of Pel's, RENA MARONI, trapeze artist, who has run away from her father's circus. Pel appeals to her to leave Rogers alone and return to the circus; but his transaction with Rogers and visit to Rena are witnessed by DETECTIVE RORKE, who has an old grudge against him, and orders him to call at his office next day. Rorke is out when Pel calls, but DETECTIVE LINLEY takes him to SUPERINTENDENT GRAHAM, who, to his surprise, asks him to work for the police. Pel refuses.

On the eve of his fast Sapolio and his wife, MARIE, give an elaborate party. Numerous show people are present, among them DAN CAREY, with MICKLEWITZ, a midget; WANG, a Chinese giant; and SALVI, a sword-walker; also ESTELLE, an "armless wonder," and BELLA, a "tattooed lady." Pel asks Marie to invite Rena up to the party, but as she is going to do so they hear a scream from Rena's flat.

There is no reply to their knocks at her door, so Wang breaks it open, and they find Rena lying dead.

Now read on:

MARIE gave a scream. She was standing at the door looking over Pel's shoulder. She clapped a hand to her mouth. Pel knelt down beside the body, his heart heavy within him, and was putting out his hand when Carey's fingers touched his shoulder.

"Let her be, Pel," he said quietly. "Don't touch her. You others—" he turned to the group at the door. "don't come in. Better go back upstairs."

They turned at his command and went slowly up the steps. Micklewitz, the midget, was crying openly. He went first holding tight to Sapolio's hand like a frightened child. The starving man bent down and picked him up in his arms. The giant went up last like a huge shepherd driving his sheep.

Pel stood, his long fingers clenched. He was very pale.

"Dan," he said softly. "Notice anything?"

"What?"

Pel sniffed. "Smell it?"

Carey's nose crinkled. "Somebody's been smoking a bad cigar," he said. Pel pulled out a clean handkerchief and spread it over the dead face. Together they left the room. Pel pulled the door to.

Carey said: "I'll go upstairs and call the police. You wait here."

Pel sat down on the top step, suddenly weary, leaning against the bannisters. Henry Sapolio came

softly down the stairs—so softly that Pel started when he felt his hand on his shoulder.

"Mon ami," he said, "is it for the police?" His head gestured to the door with the broken lock. Pel nodded. Sapolio looked round, anxiously.

"There are many things we do not understand," he said. "I say nozing to anybody—only you. But I ask you now, Pel, about Miss one." He looked at Rena's door. "Per'aps she was zee woman of your friend."

Pel stared, puzzled. "Friend?" "Oul—your frien, zee college tie. You know, monsieur—" He looked round cautiously. "Rogers?"

Sapolio nodded.

"Why do you say that?"

Sapolio spoke rapidly under his breath. "It is true," he said. "I have never met M'sieur Rogers, but 'e was 'ere to-night. I go out for zee olives. I see 'im at 'er door—there. I see 'er open 'er door and she say, 'Mistaire Roger, oh! like that. 'Mistaire Roger, oh! and 'e push in and zee door close."

Pel stood up quickly.

"Have you told anyone?"

"Sapolio shook his head vigorously. "I tell only to you," he said. "Is he not your frien?"

"He would not do a thing like that," Pel said.

Sapolio put his hand on Pel's shoulder. "No," he said. "No. Your frien 'e would not do ziss mauvais t'ing. You mus' ave the faith."

Carey returned in a few minutes. "They'll be over," he said.

Together they sat on the stairs and waited, and very soon a car pulled up, screeching. The police arrived. Pel was glad to see Linley at the head of them. He rose and stood alongside Carey.

"I telephoned," Carey said. Linley said: "You're Dan Carey, aren't you?"

"Yep."

The detective turned to Pel. "Know anything about this, Pelham?"



Carey's fingers touched Pel's shoulder.
"Let her be, Pel," he said quietly.

He pushed open the door Pel indicated and led them in. Pel turned his head away as he lifted the handkerchief.

Over his shoulder Linley asked Carey: "Know her?"

"No. At least, I know her name."

"Pelham?"

"Yes," Pel said. "She's Rena Maroni, daughter of Paul Maroni."

"The circus man?" Linley looked at the dead girl again. "Poor devil," he said. "Whoever strangled her meant to do a job."

Pelham told him how they'd heard a scream and come down. Carey confirmed.

"Well, go back upstairs," Linley ordered. "Tell them no one must leave."

As they left Linley called after

them: "This the only apartment on this floor?"

"I think so," Pel said. "I don't know."

Linley turned to a constable. "Check up."

Pelham and Carey rejoined the party upstairs. Sapolio looked white and worn.

"Don't you worry, Poppa," Marie said. "You go to bed. You mus' ave rest."

She shushed him out with an apologetic look at the others who sat round dejectedly, talking in whispers.

Marie decided to make coffee and Bella went to help. Micklewitz, his eyes red, smoked a cigarette. Every now and again he said, "Terrible. Terrible. It was so awful! So young!"

The giant lolled back in his big chair, a pack of cards looking absurdly small in his hands. He kept his eyes on Pel.

Please turn to page 14

RELIEVE INDIGESTION

swiftly, safely,

with Bisurated Magnesia. As soon as you've taken Bisurated Magnesia it goes to work ... neutralises excess acids which cause burning pain ... protects the inflamed stomach lining.

BISURATED MAGNESIA
(Trade Mark "Bismag")

Sold at all chemists and stores

WHEN HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

REMEMBER

Crusader Cloth

MEANWHILE:

Buy £10 War Bonds

and War Savings Certificates





La Boheme in Suburbia

Suddenly the singing stopped. Mimi glanced fearfully around.

IT began with that letter from Emma. We were at the tail end of a good season, and when Emma—I never did learn her last name—wrote and asked Di Giovanni to bring his troupe out to Bobbityville, it looked like a good thing, and we grabbed it.

Emma had a pupil, she said, and the pupil was good. The kind ladies of Bobbityville were so sure she was good they were willing to put up the dough for Di Giovanni and Company to come out there and do "La Boheme"; with the pupil, of course, in the Mimi part.

As Di Giovanni outlined it, Partoni, our tenor, and I would go on ahead. In "Boheme," you remember, Mimi's chief work is with the tenor. Emma's pupil knew the part and a couple of rehearsals with the tenor was all she needed. The rest of our company, of course, knew "Boheme" thoroughly.

Partoni had sung before the crowned heads of Europe. He had been an idol in the opera houses of Milan, Turin, and the rest of the Italian circuit, but too much money had gone to his head, and too much wine to his stomach, and he had hit the skids. He'd managed to stop himself, but he wasn't ever going

A famous opera is presented with new and amazing effects

By James Francis Bonnell

to play the Big Time again, and he knew it. They told some stories about Partoni and his weakness for gaiety, but whether or not they were true, nobody knew.

Bobbityville was a nice little town on the banks of a river, with some five thousand very pleasant people, and right in the middle of the sort of farms I'm going to retire to some day and raise chickens. Emma met us at the station, and with her were a girl and a boy.

The girl was Susan Fox, our Mimi. If the real Mimi was like that, Rodolfo should have taken a job, even in the glue-works, so they could be married. She wasn't more than nineteen, and had a smile that lit up the whole station. She was just the right height, and her figure was all there, too.

The boy with her, Bill Walsh, was a head taller than she was. From the way he frowned, I got the idea he didn't like the whole thing.

When Partoni made his first move, I knew it.

Emma said: "Mr. Parker?" and before I could even admit it, Partoni was brushing by me and bending over Susan's hand and murmuring.

"Mimi! Perfettamente!"

It made an impression on the youngster. I don't see how she could help it. It made an impression on the boy, too, one that deepened the frown on his forehead, and made him feel, I imagine, like tossing Partoni back on the departing train. But he just stood there and put all his feeling into the grip he gave me when Emma introduced us.

We all climbed into Bill's car and drove to Emma's studio. Susan rode up front, but she kept turned half-way round so she could see Partoni, and I didn't like that. I didn't like it because I remembered suddenly those stories of Partoni's way with the girls, and because her

turning seemed to affect Bill Walsh's driving. Two or three times on that trip the main characters of Bobbityville's "La Boheme" almost finished in a tree.

Partoni had never been one for more work than he could help; so when we got to Emma's and he suggested that he and Susan start right in, I began to suspect which way the breeze was drifting. Bill Walsh and I listened to them for a few minutes, and there was positive worship and adoration in that lad's eyes for every move Susan made.

She wasn't bad. She stood right up to Partoni and sang right along with him in that duet that ends the first act and, though you could see how it thrilled her to be singing with a man who'd been at La Scala, there wasn't a sign of nervousness or fright in her voice. She had a voice, and Emma had taught her how to use it.

When I left a few minutes later, Bill Walsh left with me. We drove in silence back to the centre of the town, and there Bill said:

"I'd like to talk to you, Mr. Parker. Can you spare a few minutes?"

We went to the town's hotel, and I had a beer to chase the dust of my journey away. Bill had a squish. I waited for him to open, and after a while he said:

"I don't like that bird's looks. He's too smooth."

I laughed a little, but I didn't mean it, because I could read his mind. I said:

"If you'd batted around as many European capitals and with as many people as Partoni has, you couldn't help being smooth."

He shot me a look and went back to his squish. I waited again, and when it became obvious that he wasn't going to say any more, I said:

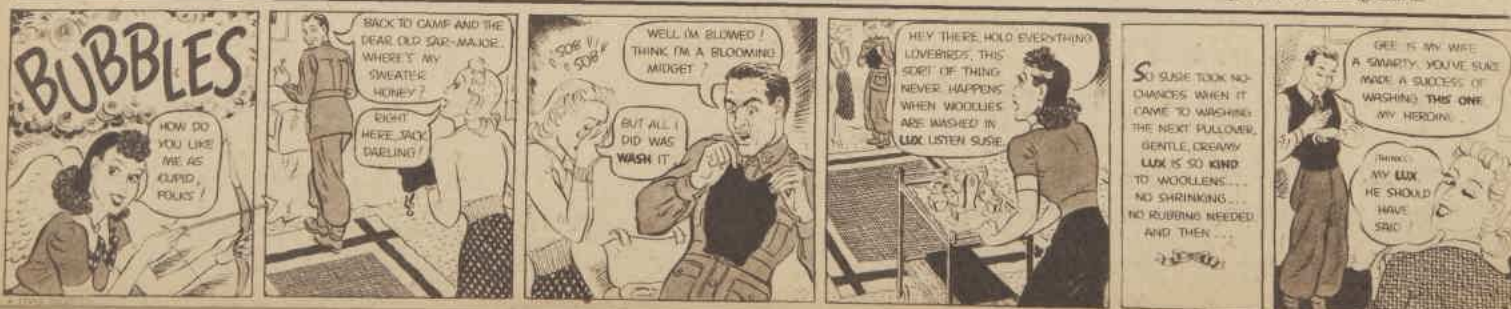
"Listen, kid. Your girl's safe. It's only an operatic performance; give her her hour, and let her—"

"It isn't that, Mr. Parker. Susan likes to sing, and if she can be successful at it, I want her to be."

I wanted to say: "Like fun you do. You want her to marry you and move into a swell little shack down the lane, and be happy ever after. And if she has any sense, she will."

But I didn't. I said:

"It's a tough racket, Bill. A very tough racket. It looks beautiful from out front, and that's fine. But backstage the two who have just done a sweet duet frequently aren't speaking to each other. It's full of temperament and grab; grab everything, every man for himself, and heaven help the rest. It's as competitive as selling shirts."



"Let your girl have her chance to sing," the jealous young man was advised, but he preferred to choose his own line of action.

The frown was gone. His eyes were opened a little wider. He said: "I didn't know that, Mr. Parker." "It isn't all like that. But a lot of it is, and I can't see a sweet kid like that Susan of yours wrestling her way to the top over a bunch of madmen with strong lungs. She just doesn't fit. But let her have her chance to sing here, and don't do anything to make it tougher for her. Partoni will help her, and she'll always remember it, and that will be all there is to it."

He shook his head and said:

"I hope you're right. But I'm afraid fattery and that smooth tenor will go to her head, and— He didn't finish it. There was no need to."

I spoke to Partoni about his attitude to Susan one night at the hotel. I spoke to him for two reasons: one was Bill, and the other was Susan. I said:

"You like that youngster, don't you?"

"She has a beautiful voice, Parker. And a great fu—"

"You're not interested in her voice, nor in her great future. Take my advice, Partoni, and let her alone."

He went into a huff, then.

"You stick to the billposting," he said, sarcastically. "Leave the singing and my private life to me. I shall take good care of both." And he wouldn't say any more; he just turned on his heel and walked away.

I had done all I could about it, which wasn't much. I was almost a nursemaid to Bill Walsh the next few days, in between making my preparations for the great night. The youngster had attached himself to me like a piece of tape, and to tell the truth, I didn't mind it much. He kept asking me again and again about things in the opera, and the way singers fought each other for his own glory, and the story of "Boheme."

Into the bargain, he helped me plenty at the theatre; and when you are operating on the sort of budget Di Giovanni and I were using, you learn to accept all the manual labor you get free, and no questions asked about where it comes from.

He came to me once, and he asked, outright:

"Parker, listen. I don't know a thing about the opera racket. I

want you to tell it to me, straight. Is it the thing for Susan, or isn't it? If it is, I want her to have it. If it isn't, say so, and—"

There I was. Front man for Di Giovanni, at the tail end of a dying season, and with a troupe on my hands that was supposed to give a performance to show off the local hope to the best advantage. I owed a lot to Di Giovanni, and I didn't want to kill a voice that might be really promising, or anything like that; and yet I liked the kid as if he were my own. I felt deep down inside me that the best thing she could do was to take that shack down the lane and move into it with Bill and be happy. But I wasn't going to run this show. I said:

"Bill, she's got a swell voice. Partoni says so, and I recognise it myself. If I were in her place, I'd—"

I didn't have a chance to finish. Bill said:

"I know what you'd do."

I raised my eyebrows. "You're ahead of me," I said. "I'm not a woman, and I'm not a soprano, which makes it doubly impossible for me to judge. And you know the answer. I don't. If she wants it—"

"How could she want it?" Bill asked. "With the fighting and the temperament and the struggling ahead of her, as you describe it."

"I may be prejudiced," I said. "And, besides, she may have no idea of the tough times—"

"She should be shown," Bill said. "Guys like Partoni, and the rest of them. She should be shown." And that was all he said.

I had no idea just how he was to show her. A couple of days after that Partoni talked to me about Bill Walsh. Walsh, he said, had been threatening him.

"He comes to me," Partoni said, and there was just the trace of worry in his eyes, "and he says: 'You give a good show, or I, personally, will knock the daylight out of you!' To me, Partoni, he says that! 'You make Susan look good,' he says, 'or I will see to it that you don't sing, or even walk, for a good long time!' To me, Partoni, who have sung—"

I laughed inside, but I kept the face straight.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I am going to give a good performance," he said, with a little of

his dignity back on duty. And then, as though to save himself: "I always give a good performance! I am an artist!"

And I knew then, as surely as if someone had shown me the lantern slides, that this was going to be something different in "Bohemes."

You know the story of the opera. These four young chirps live in a Paris garret, being artistic and alternately feasting and starving. On Christmas Eve one of them has a windfall, and they start out to cele-



"Says you!"

brate. Leaving Rodolfo (Partoni, in Bobbityville) behind for a few minutes, because that was the way Puccini had it figured out for Rodolfo and Mimi to meet.

Mimi comes in looking for a light for her candle. She and Rodolfo fall in love and leave together to join his pals after telling everybody about it in a duet that's a knock-out.

The second act is a lot of horse-play at the cafe where they're all celebrating; and the big idea of it is to reconcile Rodolfo's pal, Marcello, with his sweetie pie, Musetta.

Both these pairs are full of jealousy, and all winter there are separations and reconciliations. (These come between the acts). In the third act, a snowstorm thing, Mimi and Rodolfo get together again, and it is made clear to the audience that Mimi is very ill, and can't live much longer. Despite which they've had another scrap, and when the fourth act opens, Rodolfo and Marcello are there in the garret again, meaning for their lost loves. Their pals arrive, and they all get gay at the sight of food.

But suddenly Musetta arrives, saying that Mimi is on the way, but is very ill and has stopped to rest at the stair landing. Rodolfo goes to get her, brings her in, places her tenderly on the bed. It is quite apparent to everyone but Rodolfo by this time that Mimi's days are numbered, and the numbers don't run very high.

The others scatter for a doctor, medicines, food, and what-not, and Rodolfo and Mimi are left alone. He sings to her about their love, leaning across the bed and holding her hands. It is a very touching bit. And then, a few minutes later, after the others have returned, she dies, and that's all.

It sounds crude, the way I've outlined it, but with Puccini's music it is really something. I just want to make sure the action is clear in your mind before I wind up this end of the story.

Di Giovanni and the troupe arrived on schedule. We had a final run-through the night before the performance, and everything went swell. Di Giovanni brought along the accent, and that, with his manner and his mane, just about bowled over the ladies who were sponsoring the show. Bill Walsh knew the works inside out, and he took charge of the stage crew for me, straightening up the attic set for the first act the next night.

We had a full house, and an enthusiastic audience. But the item that sticks in my memory is the little scene just before the curtain went up.

Rodolfo and the three other Bohemians were on stage, making sure their props were ready.

Bill was there, too, and I overheard him talking to Partoni.

"Remember," he said, "You make her look good. At the first sign of any funny business, I'll strangle you with my bare hands!"

Partoni paled a little, and didn't say a word, but he managed a smile. A couple of minutes later everyone but Partoni and the Marcello cleared off, and the curtain went up.

It was a good performance. Everyone in Di Giovanni's troupe knew the piece backwards, and they gave with all they had. I stood backstage near Bill during most of it.

While Susan was on, he didn't take his eyes from her, and when she came off he went to her and took her hands and kept her from shaking and told her how good she was.

And she was good. She did that "Mi Chiamano Mimi" in the first act like a seasoned trouper, and when she and Rodolfo came to the duet, Partoni cut down on the volume and gave her a break, and it sounded first-rate. When the two of them came off as the act ended, I saw Partoni look towards Bill Walsh, and Walsh nod his head in grudging approval.

They sailed through the second and third acts, and came to the fourth. The four Bohemians did their dance, and Musetta came in dramatically to break it up with news that Mimi was ill and on the way there. Partoni dashed out and carried her in in his arms; I saw Bill Walsh's fists clench on that one, but I had quit worrying now, figuring it was all over but the huzzahs.

Partoni placed her on the bed. I thought there was an extra mattress on there, but it was just one of those ideas that flash into your mind and away again, and I forgot it. Everybody else went off and left them alone, and they dug into that reminiscing scene, with the music from the first act that, once you've heard it, you never can get it out of your mind again. Puccini creates the mood, and everybody in

that audience sat breathlessly still while the scene went on. And then it happened.

Partoni leaned across the bed to take her hands in his. Suddenly the singing stopped. Mimi glanced fearfully around. For the moment Partoni touched it, the bed collapsed.

Everybody was on edge, under the spell of the music and the scene, all tensed up. And the ludicrous falling of that bed, with Mimi deposited mattress and all on the floor, opened up the stop-gap that had held those emotions pent. One long, wild howl came from the auditorium.

My eyes were on Partoni. He looked up wildly, stared in my direction, saw Bill, and made a mad dash off the other side of the stage. Bill followed, twenty feet in back of him, and the curtain came down, fast.

Bill didn't catch him, and, as a matter of fact, I haven't seen Partoni since. I was tangled up for a while in the confusion that naturally followed, and, almost an hour later, when I was ready to leave the theatre, I heard voices coming from Susan's dressing-room. I ankled over and looked in.

Susan was standing in Bill's arms. "You were swell, darling," he was saying. "That's what people will remember. But what difference can it make to us what people think, so—"

She was looking up at him, and she said:

"No difference, Bill, as long as you—"

She stopped there because she heard me, and in looking my way she caught sight of some blood on Bill's finger.

"Darling!" she cried, forgetting me altogether. "Darling, you've cut yourself!"

Bill was looking over her head and winking at me very solemnly.

"So I have," he said. "Well, well!"

I went over to have a look. It was the kind of cut you get when you pull thin, invisible wire very hard, and it bites into the flesh.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A Friend in need for Pain after meals

De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralizes excess acid in the stomach. Soothes and protects the stomach lining, helping to digest your food. Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day.



DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness & similar ailments.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER
From all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6

New Idea in Hand Care



While you dream of love . . . your hands can become softer, whiter, lovelier than ever. Pond's Hand Lotion works while you sleep. Silky-smooth—not the least bit greasy—you can leave it on your hands all night. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Then see your hands become softer and whiter. Pond's Hand Lotion is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

The dreams of two sweethearts—madly, excitingly in love . . . and separated a world apart!

When Tomorrow Comes

Never before such a tale of poignant, heart-aching emotion.

EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY

2CH, 11.30 a.m.; 2KO, 3.15 p.m.; 3DB-LK, 11.30 a.m.;
4BK-AK, 10.45 a.m.; 5AD-PI-MU-SE, 11.45 a.m.;
6IX-WB-MD, 11.30 a.m.; 7HT, 11 a.m.; 7EX, 10.45 a.m.

PRESENTED BY CLINTON-WILLIAMS Pty., Ltd.

For that Bright Future

OF WHICH THEY DREAM

At first, when the boy she was engaged to went into uniform, she merely wished for Victory. Now she *works* for it, works hard, to hasten the day when that bright dream of the future . . . his and hers . . . will all come true. Part of that dream, she's well aware, is his conception of her as the graciously lovely girl who will forever reign in his heart. For him, she resolves always to look her loveliest, so always Pond's two Creams are in her kit
Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream as a magnolia-petal base for her powder.

Pond's two Creams are sold at all chemists and stores in small and large jars, also in tubes for the handbag. Economy hint: . . . buy the large jar, containing approximately 3½ times as much as the small jar.



Distinguished American Beauties

Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr.



Mrs. ANTHONY J. DREXELL, III



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., distinguished member of America's First Family, has for years followed the Pond's ritual of skin care. "Since my boarding school days, I have used Pond's at least twice daily", she says. Her skin is damask-fine, soft, smooth.

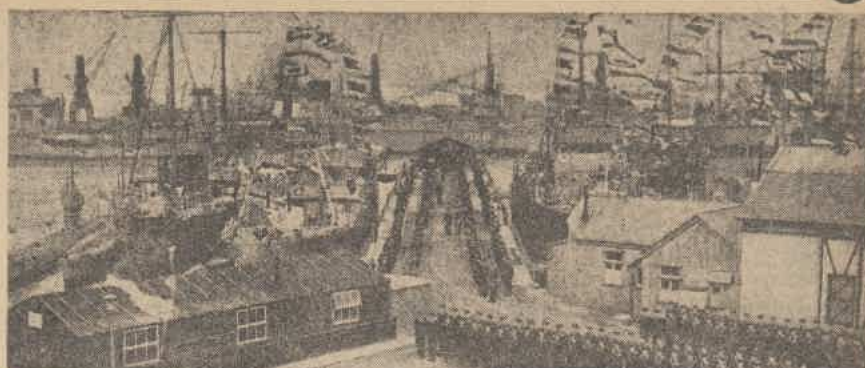
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexell, III, a name which in America represents generations of culture, wealth, and distinction, is another devotee of the Pond's beauty ritual. Of her a famous Hollywood photographer said: "One of the most perfect natural beauties I have ever seen".



SISTER EVELYN LAWRIE, Australian serving with the Royal Navy, who has won the Royal Red Cross for courage and devotion to duty.



TWO MEMBERS of the Royal Navy, typical of the lads who have been in the care of Sister Lawrie during her service as a naval nurse.



DOCKYARD AT PORTLAND, England, where Sister Evelyn Lawrie was in charge of the base hospital. She remained in charge after bombings had necessitated evacuation of all but the most seriously ill patients.

Australian nurse awarded Royal Red Cross

Long service with British Navy

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

There was only one woman in the long line of persons decorated at a recent Buckingham Palace investiture, and she was an Australian—Sister Evelyn Lawrie.

She wore the blue uniform of a naval nursing sister, and the King pinned on her breast the Royal Red Cross. He had a long talk with the Australian nurse after shaking her hand.

SOFT voiced, unassuming Sister Lawrie told me afterwards: "I've really done nothing outstanding, just an extension of my peacetime work—nursing the sick—so please don't make out that I'm a heroine."

But the citation reads: "For courage and devotion to duty," and behind this lies over three years of active service in which Sister Lawrie has nursed naval men, often under the most severe and rigorous conditions.

Now in charge of a hospital with the rank of Superintending Sister of H.M.S. Collingwood, the largest training depot for naval men in England, Sister Lawrie has a life a

little more peaceful than when she was in charge of Portland base hospital.

The hospital was subjected to incessant bombing and had to be evacuated, but Evelyn Lawrie remained to look after those cases that could not be moved.

A skeleton staff was retained and worked such long hours of duty that day and night merged into one, but Sister Lawrie's spirit and cheerful manner won through the most difficult times.

"It was nothing to what my colleagues have done and are doing under the most trying conditions," she said.

"I never think of Singapore, Greece and the Middle East without the consciousness that there was bravery unparalleled in the annals of the nursing profession."

Mother's tribute

SISTER LAWRIE'S mother, Mrs. J. W. Lawrie, shares in the excitement of the decoration. "She has always been a wonderful girl," she said, "and a great comfort to me. We write to one another every week."

Mrs. Lawrie does not expect to see her daughter for a year or two yet. Sister Lawrie recently wrote that the need for nurses in England seems to be even more serious than it is in Australia, and she feels it right to remain there.

"Girls with whom I trained at Prince Alfred, Sydney, were among them, and I'm proud to be a trainee of the same hospital."

Sister Lawrie herself has nursed in some tough spots. Immediately after the outbreak of war she joined up and found herself a sister aboard a hospital carrier in the North Sea.

In bitterly cold weather, the roughest of seas, dodging enemy mines, she was subject to the same Spartan conditions as the sailors. She nursed sick and wounded of naval and air actions.

"Coming straight from Australia I found the cold very intense, but the fullness and excitement of our work kept us from thinking how cold we were," she said.

Formerly Matron of Lister Hospital, Sydney, Sister Lawrie comes from Lismore.

She says she has never had such wonderful patients as the sick and wounded in naval hospitals.

"The indomitable spirit of these men fills me with the deepest admiration. What they have gone through, and still suffer uncomplainingly, enriches the pages of history which their deeds are filling."

"That's why I feel very humble that I should be honored with the Royal Red Cross."

Calm efficiency

SISTER LAWRIE is tall and handsome, with the bluest of blue eyes, and fair hair waved under her white Sister's veil.

In her ankle-length navy-blue nursing cloak lined with scarlet she looked strikingly picturesque as she stood in the spring sunshine on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. Collingwood.

Standing there with the breeze blowing back her cloak she seemed to epitomise all that is best in two of the noblest professions—the nursing and the naval.

She has all the calm, gracious efficiency of the Superintending Sister, coupled with the reticence and fear of heretics that is part of the Silent Service tradition.

Delighted to hear of the award is the recipient's sister, Mrs. H. S. Chesterman, wife of Commander H. S. Chesterman, R.A.N.

"My sister has a noble character, and is not one who looks for glory," Mrs. Chesterman, who lives in Brisbane, told our Queensland representative.

"Although her work is arduous, she writes to many parents of Australian men in her care."

"When matron of Lister Hospital in Sydney she found time to study languages, dancing, and physical culture. She is an accomplished musician, and does exquisite needle-work."

Gallant Papuan nurse saves life of wounded airman

By MRS. A. H. BEAVIS, formerly of Milne Bay

Maieogaru, Papuan nurse of Milne Bay, New Guinea, has been decorated with the Australian award for loyal service. I was not surprised to hear this, for Maieogaru was my friend, and used to run the little village hospital a hundred yards or so from my home on the shores of Milne Bay.

AT considerable personal risk she rescued an airman from certain death on a blazing launch, and used all her medical equipment tending his wound and burns till the relief she sent for arrived on the scene.

This deed, for which she was decorated, is consistent with all this little native nurse has been doing her whole life.

Visualise a spotlessly-clean, muscular little woman in her late thirties, skin a dark chocolate, black fuzzy hair combed smooth with a centre parting, a purposeful face lit by a gentle smile, the simple uniform of the nurses of the Kwato Mission of Papua, and there you have Maieogaru.

I have often heard her friends talking about her courageous spirit and physical strength.

"Maieogaru is afraid of nothing," they would say. "Her mother does not need any sons; her daughter can do everything, and more for her than any son could."

Maieogaru was trained by the mission doctor.

The mothers of the district had complete faith in her, and all their babies were brought into the world by Maieogaru's capable hands. She

never spared herself, but worked day and night when needed.

Sometimes a call for help would come from the other side of the bay, and night or day, fair weather or foul, Maieogaru would seize her box of equipment, jump into her dug-out canoe, and paddle single-handed ten or fifteen miles to her case.

She served Christians and heathen alike, and nothing could quench her compassion for the sick.

I remember once finding the house of one of Maieogaru's patients filled with witches, all sitting round the sick girl trying to heal her by witchcraft.

"Why do you stay on, Maieogaru?" I cried. "This is an insult to your nursing!"

"Oh, well," she said, "the witches do not worry me; that poor girl is dying, and I am the only one who can ease her through her last agonies."

At one time Maieogaru had promised to attend a half-caste woman who lived at a little mining settlement a few thousand feet up when her baby was born.

It was a six-hour journey on foot up muddy mountain tracks. This was the girl's first baby, and twice she sent for the nurse, only for Maieogaru to discover when she arrived that she would not be needed for another few weeks.

The final call came at Christmas time. On the mission station we had been busy the whole of Christmas Eve preparing, and our little nurse was looking forward to all the fun and feasting.

But in the middle of the night a perspiring messenger arrived from the mountain top.

"Would Maieogaru go up at once?"

When we gave her the message we wondered how she would reach.

In a moment she had jumped up from her sleeping mat: "It is my job," she said. "I must get off quickly."

Just as she had served the suffering in Milne Bay when it was one of the most peaceful and obscure spots in the whole world, so, evidently, she has continued her quiet and courageous service since her home leaped into the headlines, and the thunder of enemy guns shattered the bay's age-long quiet.



MAIEOGARU, Papuan nurse, who recently received the Australian award for loyal service.



BUNGALOW AT MILNE BAY, former home of Mrs. A. H. Beavis, the writer of this story. Mrs. Beavis' home was only a hundred yards away from the little village hospital which Maieogaru conducted.

Editorial

MAY 15, 1943

DUTY PLUS ADVENTURE

A THOUSAND miles from home, in Central Queensland, 74 New South Wales members of the Women's Land Army are helping Queensland members to pick cotton.

They left Sydney in high spirits. They were happy because, in answering the call to national service, they were also satisfying youth's natural thirst for adventure.

Many of the girls are still in their teens. On this trip to the cotton fields they are seeing more of their country in a few weeks than many Australians do in a lifetime.

They are now working hard at a vital job. Owing to adverse weather conditions the crop is below average, and every handful of cotton must be harvested for important war needs.

It is wanted for the making of explosives, for cottonseed oil, and for many other purposes. If the backs of the Land Girls ache as they work, there'll be balm in the thought of a big job well done.

Their arrival in the north brought an interstate helping hand to Queensland farmers who have been working to increase the area under this crop. Last year production was only one-fifth of Australian needs.

Hard work and adventure often go together in the women's services. Most servicewomen get their share of both, and the donning of a uniform has brought to many girls a life much fuller than they had known in civilian jobs.

Every service is calling for recruits. Those who answer will know the happiness, pride and quiet satisfaction that are felt by this grand band of Land Army girls.

—THE EDITOR.



SERIES OF DRAWINGS sent by Bert Andersen, R.A.N., to his wife in Hornsby, N.S.W., to illustrate the difficulties of writing a letter without breaking censorship rules.

Navy's part in Algiers fight

"Things started moving in a hurry," is a naval man's preface to his description of the invasion of Algiers.

He was Chief Petty-Officer of Supplies on a vessel which was sunk by a submarine.

All this week's "Letters from Our Boys" are from men in the Navy.

"WE left suddenly for places unknown," writes the Chief Petty-Officer to his fiancée in Ashbury, N.S.W.

"From a very small part we became a vital part in a scale of operations undreamed of, and I can say we did well until we were sent down to Davy Jones."

"We played a goodly part in occupying two places, and claimed a dozen or so planes to our credit until our curtain."

"We sure had our share of trouble, but the planes could not get us. It took a sub. to plant a couple of torps, to put us out of the fight. That happened at 5 a.m., and by 5.15 we were in the water and the old sub. just about ready for the last plunge."

"After swimming around for three-quarters of an hour I hooked on to a raft and was finally picked up wet and cold and not very happy."

"Was landed about 7.30 a.m., and while waiting to be taken somewhere for drying and warming had to imitate rabbits and burrow while his ribs dropped loads of stuff."

"I was dressed, or rather undressed, in singlet and trousers; no coat, shoes, or anything else. After a day of unrest, for Jerry was very active, we found the station and settled down to wait for a train that never arrived."

"The tale of how we got grub and clothes and started to hitch-hike for 110 miles is beyond my pen. We made 42 miles before we were brought back by lorry and sent down by sea and placed aboard a ship for England."

"We thought our troubles over, but we were too optimistic. After two days and three nights aboard, with bombs falling around day and night, we were allowed to go ashore to supplement our clothes, which were still in the same state, except that they had dried on us."

"While we were ashore the ship cleared, and once again four of us were left high and dry."

"True, we were a bit better off—we were clothed and ate more often—but still we were up all night with raids, and the third night or early a.m. they hit our barracks."

"Once again I was lucky, and the

day after we joined yet another ship for home."

"This time we stayed put, and would not leave her until she landed us in England."

"Although it was tough at times, we also had quite a few laughs, and I have a great and lasting respect for the Army boys."

"They did marvellous work, often tired out, always hungry, yet still ready to work and share fags and grub with the greatest of pleasure."

L-Sig. V. C. Coulter to his wife in Sisley St., Toowong, Qld.:

"WE have taken part, and a proud part, in an operation in the Mediterranean which has contributed in no small measure to the relief of Malta."

"It was given to us, with other units of the Mediterranean Fleet, to take a convoy from X to there, while another was being brought from Y to there."

"We knew the enemy had powerful sea forces which could, if launched together, against one convoy, annihilate it, but if forced to split against two convoys, one of them stood a chance of getting through."

"Both X and Y had also to beat off air-borne attacks, which in our case was more or less constant."

"Our barrage, which spread a ceiling of zinging steel over the convoy, kept them up high, and, I think, spoilt their bomb-aiming. Several were brought down in flames. One or two were successful until at last the tactical situation demanded a right-about-face to draw the enemy on."

"All through the night E-boats, and probably U-boats, were round the convoy, worrying it like terriers at a bull."

"Towards the evening of the last day we had drawn our opponents so far as to allow our opposite numbers to reach port. In the meantime our air attack had scored torpedo and bomb hits on the 111 battleships and their escort."

"Just before dusk large formations of enemy aircraft were reported, which seemed to be circling the fleet, and as the sun got lower down they came in with the most ferocious pounding we had had."

"Bombs, aerial torpedoes and

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

cannon-fire all helped to make it a busy time."

"We successfully dodged one torpedo and drove off several dive-bombing attacks, both from ourselves and our sister ships."

"It was during this fracas that our twin put up her number—a near-his which appeared to explode underneath her."

"It was with a queer feeling of sadness I saw her, the H.M.A.S. Nestor, lose way and swing gradually broadside to the slight sea."

"Her back appeared to have been broken, and great clouds of white smoke and steam were pouring upwards into the still air."

"It was just at this time a hull occurred as if paying tribute in silence to a gallant ship."

"Although we did not take our convoy through, our job was done, our casualties comparatively light, everybody as pleased as punch, and ready to have another crack—and so we returned to the fleshpots of Egypt for a rest."

"Rest" is the naval term given to the period spent by ships in harbor, during which interminable exercises and the work of storing ammunition and fuelling the ship takes place."

"We are now in quieter waters exercising, and preparing for who knows what."

Stoker R. K. Brown to A.S.O. A. Miree at a N.S.W. R.A.A.F. station:

"THE day after we left our last port a female stowaway was found on board."

"She had been to a party and had come on board under the influence. After a slight hangover, she soon got used to the life of a sailor, even if she has been a bit overcome by the heat the last few days."

"The boys turned to and made her a hammock. She is fast becoming a big thrill with us all, even if she is a fox terrier pup by the name of 'Bombo'."

Interesting People



MISS KEIRA TUSON

... Red Cross in Victoria

NEWLY appointed publicity officer for Victorian Division of Red Cross, Miss Keira Tuson for past five years was in charge of publicity for large Melbourne store. English born, she was educated in Australia. Spent eight years on English stage with Noel Coward and Cyril Ritchard in C. B. Cochran shows.



SIR CHARLES McCANN

... wool secretariat

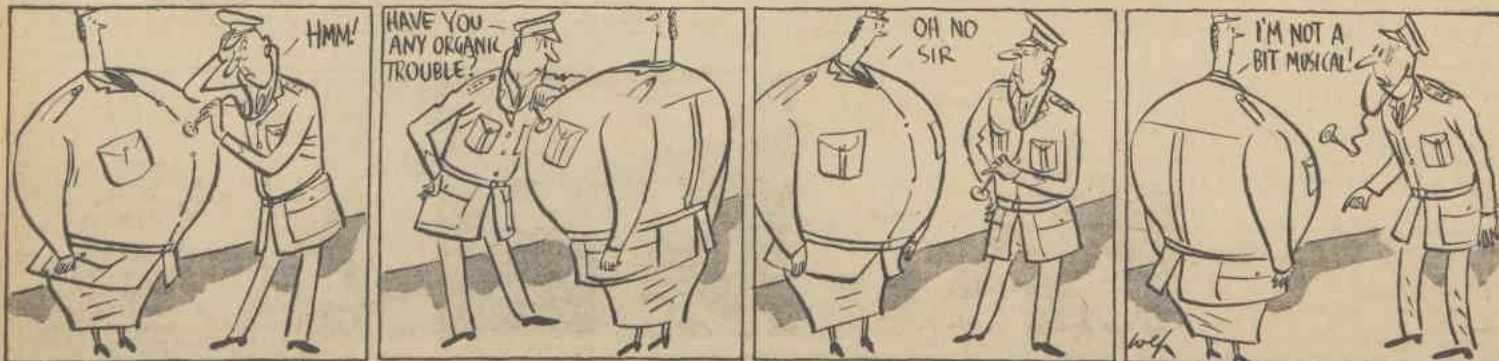
SIR CHARLES McCANN, who has been Agent-General for South Australia since 1934, has just been elected chairman, International Wool Secretariat, London. Was recently appointed to represent Australian woolgrowers on the secretariat. Has intensive knowledge of primary production and marketing. Recently visited Australia from London.



MRS. MAVIS TATE

... women's war pensions

MRS. MAVIS TATE, Conservative member since 1935, was leader of British women M.P.s in their successful campaign for equality for women in war injury pensions. Recent announcement by British Government that its compensation scheme for personal war injuries will apply to all civilians, men and women, ends a two-year fight by women members of House of Commons.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

SCORPIONS, Leonians, and Aquarians must observe particular caution if they wish to avoid upsets, losses, and worry this week. But Capricornians, Virgoans, and Taurians should enjoy a beneficial time.

Tuesday, May 11, can bring good news, changes, and progress to many people, and the greater part of Sunday, May 16, can be generally fortunate for many more. The balance of the week, however, can be confusing and disruptive for the great majority.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 11 can prove surprisingly beneficial, as urgent matters may be attempted then. May 12 (dawn), fair; May 16, 17, and 18 (early), poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): May 12 (evening), May 14 (afternoon), and May 20 (sunrise and late afternoon), poor; May 13 (from noon to 8 p.m.), good; May 14 (near dawn and mid-afternoon), tricky, but balance helpful; May 15 (from 8 to 11 a.m. and 2.30 to 4 p.m.), good, rest of day poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): May 16 (to 10 a.m.), can be very helpful, but be cautious thereafter to noon. May 13, 14, and 15, tricky.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): May 16 (after 8 p.m.), and May 10 (from 7 p.m.), very helpful.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): Be very guarded if you would dodge difficulties and upsets, especially on May 12 (evening worst), May 18 (dawn worst), May 19, and May 20 (early), be circumspect on May 11.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): Much progress and happiness possible this week, so plan well and work hard. May 17 (round dusk), good, then poor; May 14 (dawn and mid-afternoon), poor, but rest very fair; May 15 (to 11 a.m.), good, advance to 1 p.m. and good afternoon, then fair; May 16 (afternoon), poor, but evening good; May 19 (especially after 7 p.m.), good.

LIBA (September 22 to October 21): An uneventful week with routine best; May 16 (to 10 a.m.), fair, then difficult to noon; May 17, poor; May 22 (after 4 p.m.), poor.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 21): Beware losses, partings, opposition, and upsets all this week. May 17, tricky; May 12 (especially after dusk), difficult; May 13 (forenoon), poor, also late evening; May 16 (afternoon), adverse, rest poor; May 18, poor; May 20, to dusk, (adverse).

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Get urgent matters attended to on May 20 (after 7 p.m.), if possible. Difficulties dominate the next few weeks. May 11 (around 9 a.m. and from 1 to 4 p.m.), or May 13 (morning), can be helpful.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): A very fortunate week possible, so work well. May 13 (p.m. hours, except from 5 to 11 p.m.), and May 15 (morning and evening), good, but afternoon poor; May 16 (from 7 to 4 p.m.), good, then fair; May 18 and 19 (especially after 9 p.m.), very good; May 22 (early afternoon), good, then fair.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A difficult week, so be cautious. May 12 (tricky), May 13 (early and late), adverse; May 14 (afternoon), poor; May 18, very poor; May 19, poor; May 20 (approaching sunset), adverse. Avoid changes, arguments, obstructive conditions, and upsets.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Very fair on May 18 (mid-morning), and on May 19 (after 8 p.m.), May 22 (from noon to 4 p.m.), helpful, too. May 13 to 15, poor.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

Film Reviews

★★ TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE

Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, (MGM.)

ANOTHER of the Tarzan series, which measures up to usual standard.

It's New York for Mr. and Mrs. Tarzan this time, but there is plenty of jungle, too, with tree-swinging and animal stuff, and that appealing chimpanzee. The story is tiresome, but the children will probably enjoy it.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ SILENT WITNESS

Frank Albertson, Maris Wrixon. (Monogram.)

UNIMPRESSIVE drama of the underworld. Frank Albertson takes the role of an attorney who defends two men falsely accused of racketeering. Maris Wrixon supplies romance as the attorney's sweetheart.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, who is spending a holiday at an old-fashioned house with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, has discovered that an orchid which gives off a scent that creates an urge to kill is responsible for a series of inexplicable attempts at murder. At this stage **UNCLE:** Who grows the orchid, learns that

BOB: Intends getting married on the morrow to his niece.

CLAIR: Whose inheritance he will then lose, and decides to drug him and, when attacked, kill him in "self-defence."

However, Mandrake intervenes and, by means of his hypnotic powers, makes it appear as if Bob floats up to the ceiling, and Uncle's bullet misses. NOW READ ON:



Minister in A.I.F. acts as prison padre

Released after two years in enemy hands

By ANNE MATHESON, cabled from London

"Nothing the Germans could do broke the morale of Australian war prisoners, even after the long spells of forced labor," said Private Edwin Broomhead, of the 2/8th Field Ambulance, A.I.F.

He arrived in London recently after his release from German and Italian prison camps.

"I HAVE seen Australians singing 'Waltzing Matilda' as they marched back after 20 hours' work under such severe climatic conditions that their guards were wilting," he said.

Private Broomhead, M.A., was a Methodist minister of South Australia, who enlisted as a private in an A.I.F. ambulance unit which was captured in Derna, Libya, two years ago.

He was the only Australian among 400 repatriated prisoners who arrived in England recently.

Forty-six other Australian prisoners are on their way home through Egypt.

At the last of the five prison camps he was in he was appointed an unofficial padre.

Fellow internees included an Anglican bishop, a Presbyterian and a Baptist chaplain, and a Roman Catholic padre. So religion was well represented.

"We had a tough time when we were first taken prisoner, and felt like the legion of the lost," he said, "for at first we had no news, no contact whatever with the outside world.

"At that time we were under German control in Tripoli, and there I saw brutality akin to what I'd read of at Dachau.

"The Germans pounced on us for working parties, and for seven months we worked hard and long—sometimes up to 20 hours daily—with insufficient food and under stringent conditions that sometimes became direct physical violence.

"Escapees who were recaptured were beaten up, and I saw one man beaten across the face with a piece of wood because he pilfered a bit of food—we were always hungry.

"It wasn't until we were physically so exhausted that German medics pronounced us unfit, that we were transferred to Italian jurisdiction and sent to Italy.

"In Sicily we were put into tents. The weather was wet and we had some discomfort, but we weren't mentally harassed, and the food was good, particularly the sweet Sicilian oranges.

"I saw that, apart from the Black-shirts and the upper caste of Fascism, there was real sincerity, kind-



PRISONERS OF WAR working in the orchard of a camp in Italy.

ness, and a desire to be friendly in Italy. When we shifted from camp to camp we never encountered even a hostile glance from the population.

"I finally wound up as a padre for war prisoners in the hospital at Lucca, and there came in contact with the Dominican Sisters.

"They took the prisoners to their hearts, sewing for them and bringing them little presents. They made the lives of many hundreds of prisoners happy, and engendered a spirit of good feeling throughout the hospital.

"They learned to play the mouth-organ, they learned poker-dice, and picked up our expressions such as 'Come and get it, grub's up' (food is ready) and 'Too right.'

Home-made smokes

THREE things were observable about the boys in camp. First, they showed a deeper thought for people at home—they often said to me, 'We took too much for granted at home.'

"Second, one saw a more serious attitude towards life; third, the real depth of friendship formed in camp.

"We were fed reasonably well in Italy, and with Red Cross parcels were never hungry.

"While under the Germans in Tripoli we were fed on the plunder of Europe, and from the labels on tinned foods could trace Hitler's conquests from Norway to Greece.

"While we were still in Tripoli we noticed German morale weakening with our Army's advance, and they became much more human, though conditions were still very bad.

"For instance, at the end, Germans sold us ten cigarettes per week, and for the rest of the week we smoked tarred rope wrapped in newspaper.



PRIVATE EDWIN BROOMHEAD, of South Australia, only Australian among exchanged prisoners who recently arrived in England.

"It was a satisfying smoke, for one draw was enough.

"I can't over praise the Red Cross for the books, sports equipment, and study courses which are a real boon to the men in prison, and, of course, food parcels were, too. If it weren't for these, even in Italy, we'd have gone hungry."

As soon as he reached England, Private Broomhead flashed news of his freedom to his next-of-kin, an aunt, Mrs. R. L. McLeod, matron of Methodist Ladies' College, Adelaide. Private Broomhead, who is now 30 years of age, has sent a series of letters to Mrs. McLeod, and has been able to keep his aunt informed of his many activities in helping to conduct classes and entertainment for his fellow prisoners, in addition to adding French and Italian to his already big store of learning.

He mentioned having played Henry the Eighth in a comedy. In another he said that they had produced John Steinbeck's famous work, "Of Mice and Men."

He had also given a reading of "Dracula," which lasted for one and a half hours, and was to be continued on the two following days.

In February of last year he wrote: "I have a very busy life as Protestant padre. Had a great crowd to church this morning, so many that our

chapel could not hold them all, and many came to sacrament.

"In the afternoons I conduct classes in philosophy, and we are starting Bible classes to-morrow."

In a later letter he grew almost poetical in his delight in the beauty of the countryside.

"This week we have gone all Continental, and have been speaking only in French and doing all the traditional things," he said.

"I got up at 5 a.m. the other day to hear the famed cuckoo. The whole valley was sounding with their calls from one side to the other, mingling with the church bells. We can also hear the nightingales after dark.

"Sunset, by the way, is not until 9.30. We can still see the buttercups and daisies of poetic fame, and huge scarlet poppies among the ripening corn."

Before entering the Church, Private Broomhead was a wheat-farmer.

During four years' training for the Church, he gained his B.A., and then wrote a thesis for his M.A., during 18 months as evangelist to the Methodist Conference.

His thesis was accepted, and five months later, when he attended Commem., he took his Master of Arts Degree wearing cap and gown over his private's uniform.



"The General Died at Dawn"

Starring Lyndall Barbour and John Nugent Hayward

"THE DOCTOR'S CASE BOOK"

Its pages tell of the stories—dramatic, romantic, humorous, and sometimes tragic—of the men and women who have placed their lives in the hands of a famous surgeon.

2GB Thursdays at 9 p.m.

Practical housewife to help plan post-war housing

A woman who has reared a family in a country cottage without electric light or water laid on is going to have an important say in the planning of thousands of homes that will be built in Australia after the war.

SHE is Mrs. Mary Margaret Ryan, only woman member of the new Housing Commission appointed by the Federal Government to plan the post-war housing programme.

"From my personal experience of bringing up a family in a little cottage at Portland, N.S.W., with practically no conveniences, I know all about housekeeping disabilities," said Mrs. Ryan, "and I think I know what women require for reasonable comfort and efficiency within homes."

"I don't mean there is no happiness in such cottages. But it takes a deep and united family happiness to survive all the minor irritations of limited space and extra drudgery."

"My husband was delighted about my appointment. He was the first person to congratulate me," Mrs. Ryan said.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan have three children—twenty-year-old Sergeant John Ryan, of the A.I.F., who was at a teachers' training college before joining the Army; Patricia, who is a pupil at the Armidale Teachers' Training College; and 14-year-old

Paul, who is still at school and plans to be a carpenter.

Mrs. Ryan comes from Timaru, in New Zealand. She has had many years' experience as a trained nurse.

She met her husband when she was sub-matron at Portland Hospital.

"My special duty will be to watch the interests of housewives and mothers of families," said Mrs. Ryan.

"First essentials for a decent home are good lighting, ventilation, and elbow room. Larger families are Australia's crying need. Better housing should encourage increase in the birthrate."

"As I am looking after women's interests on the Commission, I shall be very glad to receive any suggestions and ideas from housewives."

"Community settlements may be a development of post-war housing—not flats or tenements, but a number of pleasant homes with community services such as recreation centre, creche and kindergarten, canteen and laundry services."

"Mothers of young children need, as well as an efficient labor-saving home, some form of help."

"Their work is their happiness,



MRS. M. M. RYAN, appointed to the Housing Commission.

but how much greater that happiness could be if there were nearby creches where they could leave their children, with complete confidence, while they had a day off.

"Any community facilities should be additional to those in private homes."

The Commission has been formed to plan the Government's home-building programme after the war. It is to draw up plans for abolishing slums and sub-standard dwellings, providing inexpensive homes for people of limited means and coping with the housing shortage generally.

First Canadian women to work as shipbuilders



SHIPYARD WORKER, Mrs. Sara Kowalski, shoulders length of pipe at a new shipyard in Nova Scotia.



RIVETER on the job. This shipyard is first in Canada to use women on construction work.



PAINTING a newly-completed vessel, a comparatively easy job. Most of the tasks are far heavier.



YOUNGEST WORKER, 16-year-old girl. Some of the women on the job are grandmothers.



THE BOSS, Captain "Happy" Edwards, shows a new woman worker one of the tools of trade.



PAPOOSE on her back, an Indian woman shipbuilder, Mrs. Martin Maitl. Baby is left at crèche for the day.

Continuing . . . Common People

from page 5

BY and by Marie and Bella returned from the kitchen with a tray of coffee. Pel and Carey handed the cups round. Salvi was leaning on the end of the sideboard, a cigarette between his fingers, gazing down at his patent leather shoes. Estelle had just stretched out her foot and taken the coffee cup with her toes when the passage door opened and a voice said: "Hoiy smoke, what a collection! I never expected to see a show like this for nothin'!"

Pel looked round, startled, to see Rorke stepping inside the room and closing the door. His eyes were on Estelle, and a flush spread over the girl's face. She reached out her foot and placed the cup of coffee on a stool.

"I never would have believed it," Rorke said and his eyes turned on Bella. "Even a tattooed woman—no-called," he sneered. "When did you have a bath last, blonde?"

Marie waddled towards him. "I don't know who you are, m'sieur," she said, "but I think you are a very rude man, an' if you stay 'ere someone will sock you."

"Oh, yeah?" Rorke said regarding the Frenchwoman insolently. Pelham said: "It would be more proper, Rorke, if you told them who you might be."

Rorke's eyes shifted. "Well, if it isn't little Pel? I might've known you'd be mixed up with this bunch." He glowered round and said in another tone. "I'm the police. On the next floor a woman has been murdered. She was one of your sort. Which of you did it?"

The blonde girl spoke tartly: "Do your own dirty work, Sherlock."

"Steady, Bella," Carey warned and turned to Rorke. "Surely you don't think—"

"That any of us could do such a thing," Rorke finished the sentence for him, mimicking. "Yes, I do. Any of you could have done it—leastways

anyone except the armless wonder," Carey's fists clenched, but Pel put a restraining hand on his arm. Tears started to Estelle's eyes.

Mickewitz rose and with quick little steps crossed the room and stood at Rorke's feet, looking up.

"I understand, sir," he said in his treble voice, "you are from the police. If that is so you should conduct yourself more becomingly."

Rorke, with heavy humor, pretended he couldn't see the midget.

"Did I hear someone?" he asked, peering about everywhere except at the place where Mickewitz was standing.

"You heard, me, sir," The midget's treble rose.

Rorke looked down. "Bless me," he said. "Whatever is it?"

The midget's face flamed. Tears of mortification started to his eyes. His tiny fists clenched in impotent fury. Then he suddenly lost all control.

"Blast you," he sobbed. "Blast you." He seized Rorke's trousers near the knees and kicked his shins with all the force at his command. All Rorke's humor deserted him. He let out a yell.

"Why, you—little—" he cried, and his hand went towards the midget's collar. But, even as he moved, the Chinaman, Wang, rose slowly from his chair. A huge hand extended towards the plainclothes man, the open palm came to rest on his face, so that it was completely covered. Then Wang pushed.

Rorke went flying. Like a shot from a gun he cannoned against Salvi and on to the wall. The force of the impact brought both men down and they sprawled on the floor. Salvi was up, quick as a cat, but the heavier man did not rise immediately. His head had bumped the wall.

Bella cried: "Atta, boy. Oh, gee,

what a man! Get up, Sherlock, and fight." Marie tried to quieten her. Carey said in an undertone to Pel: "That's torn it."

Salvi stooped and picked up a dish of fruit that had been knocked off the sideboard and began stacking the oranges and apples and bananas.

The plainclothes man sat up slowly, still dazed, and gazed about him. The giant had subsided into his chair. His eyes were closed and he was idly playing with a pack of cards, shuffling them gently. Mickewitz walked to the other end of the room and stood with his back to the rest, pretending to look out of the window.

Rorke got slowly to his feet.

"By heaven," he said thickly. "Someone's going to pay for this. He glowered about him, feeling his face. His lip was cut. "Where's that fater Sapollo?"

Marie had had enough. She let go a stream of French intermixed with American slang. It is doubtful whether Rorke or any other policeman had ever heard anything equalling it, for Rorke retreated before the blast and backed into Linley, who was just coming into the room. Linley gestured peremptorily over his shoulder.

"I'll take over here, Rorke," he said, and Rorke with a sour look departed. Linley took in the scene with one quick glance. He saw Estelle wiping her eyes. He saw the midget's heaving shoulders, and noted the quick, frightened glance Salvi gave him before he went on with his self-imposed task of building up the fruit. His eyes swept over the enormous figure shuffling the playing cards.

Linley gave not the slightest sign that he was seeing anything unusual. He turned to Marie.

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said. "If we all sit down I think we will be more comfortable." As he sat down Linley said: "Pelham, I'd be glad if you would introduce your friends."

Pel named each in turn. Then Carey said: "This is Detective Linley, folks. He's a good sort. We've got to help him. You all know what's happened downstairs. Mr. Linley will want to ask questions. We've got to tell him all we know."

Linley began by writing down their names and addresses, and asking where they'd be during the next few weeks. Carey explained, to make it easier, that they were all in the city for the show carnival, and would be in town till it was over.

The detective said: "A woman has been murdered—brutally. She was one of your own people—an artiste. I am sure you want to find the fiend who did this foul thing." He paused and looked about him. "But I have to tell you now," he went on, "that almost everyone in this room at the moment is suspect. Almost anyone in this room might have killed the poor girl below."

"But," Marie expostulated, "that is not possible. Did we not 'ear 'er scream, did we not all rush—"

Linley interrupted. "You heard a scream," he said, calmly, "but no one can say positively who screamed."

"It was a woman who screamed," Marie said, and several murmured assent.

"As a matter of fact," Linley said evenly, "I think the doctor will tell you that the scream you heard could not possibly have come from the girl who was murdered."

They looked at him, puzzled. He spoke to no one in particular, but asked casually: "How soon after you heard the scream did you go downstairs?"

Immediately half a dozen voices replied: "At once."

Marie said, "We stood at the door and we 'eard it. M'sieur Pel and I were just going down to visit 'er—"

"You were going down to see her? Why?"

"Why?" Marie said. "M'sieur Pel, 'e say the poor girl is in a jam. She needs 'elp. E' say 'come down.' E want me to ask 'er to the party."

Linley's eyes narrowed a little. Pelham started to speak, but the detective said: "Hold it, Pelham, if you don't mind." He asked Carey: "How long was it from the time you heard the scream till the moment you saw the body?"

Carey said: "Why, I suppose we hesitated a few seconds on the top of the stairs. It was kind of nerve racking. Then Pel began to go down and I followed. Pelham knocked on the door two or three times, but there was no answer. He called out, too, and then he said, 'There's something wrong, Dan.'"

Linley asked, looking at Pelham: "What made you think that?"

"Why," Pelham hesitated, "after the scream and getting no answer. We could see a light under the door."

"The scream might have come from the street," Linley suggested, but there was a chorus of protest.

"No, no," Marie was vociferous. "She came from down there."

"Well," Linley said, "after Pelham said, 'There's something wrong,' what then?"

Carey said: "We decided to break the door in?"

"Whose idea was that?"

"I think Pel's," Carey said.

"Go on."

"The door was tough," Carey explained, "so I called Wang. I made signs to him what we wanted—he can't speak English—and he bust the lock. We went in and—well, there she was."

Linley's eyes dropped and focused on Wang's hands. "What did the giant do when you went in?"

Carey looked surprised. "Why," he said, "I don't know. I didn't notice. We dodged under his arm when the lock broke. I guess he went back on the landing."

Linley looked at Pel. "I didn't notice," Pel said.

The detective said: "Then, from the time you heard the scream until you saw the body—how long was that?"

Carey considered. "Five minutes at most," he conjectured, with a glance at Pel, who nodded confirmation.

Linley took out a cigarette and lit it. He leaned back in his chair. "That complicates matters," he said quietly. "It proves—please understand I am not making any accusation—it is possible that anyone—almost anyone—present in this room at this moment—strangled the girl down there."

Silence followed his words. After a moment or two Marie burst out: "But 'ow, 'ow, 'ow? We 'ear 'er scream."

"You heard a scream," Linley said. "But it was not the girl who screamed. At the time you heard that cry Rena Maroni had been dead an hour at least."

CAREY said quietly: "That means, Mr. Linley, that unless we can prove we all remained in this room since the party commenced, or since we arrived, we are not free from suspicion."

"Something like that," Linley said. "From what I know already the party was going on up here while the girl was being murdered below."

Estelle burst into tears. "Oh, that's awful," she sobbed, and Carey turned to comfort her.

"But," Marie said in her blunt way, looking from one to the other, "everyone mus' go out sometime. Ziss is old flat, very ancient. Zee lavabo she is outside at end of passage."

"I noticed that," Linley said. "It's the same on each floor. Any one of you might have gone out that door and slipped downstairs. I want you all to try and remember exactly when you did go out. I want you each to be able to tell me when you arrived at this apartment to-night and when you left it after you arrived and for how long."

"Oh, it is zee nonsense," Marie exploded. "Me—myself I did not know zee girl."

"How many of you did?"

"I knew her, Mr. Linley," the armless girl said softly. "I was with her father's show the season she left it."

"I knew her well," Pel admitted. "I had met her," Carey said, "but I could not say I knew her well. I had not even seen her for over a

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I wouldn't marry him if he were the only man in the world!"

"Of course you wouldn't—you'd get killed in the rush."

year. I did not know she was in the city."

The circus artists knew her professionally. They also did not know she was living in the city. The Professor shook his head. "I know nothing," he said. Bella said: "I never met her. I've seen her up on the swing."

"And these gentlemen?" Linley inquired, indicating Wang and Mickewitz.

Carey said: "They could scarcely have known her. Neither has been in this country for more than a few weeks. They came from abroad."

Linley's glance fell on the giant's hands again. He said: "Did he leave the room during the evening?"

Carey thought. "Yes," he said and added hastily, "but I suppose we all did. I know I did."

Estelle looked across the room at the curly-headed sword-walker. "Salvi, you knew her, didn't you?"

Linley wondered whether it was imagination or was there a touch of cynicism in her voice. Salvi's eyes darted to her.

"Me?" he said. "Oh, yes, sure I knew her." He looked up at Linley defiantly and added, "But I ain't seen her for months."

Linley borrowed Marie's kitchen table and took them one by one. He was quick and efficient and was through earlier than Pel, waiting with the others in the lounge, expected.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, and turned to Marie. "By the way, where is your husband?"

"Henri—'e sleep in there. 'E mus' not be excite. To-morrow 'e start is grand fast. 'E mus' rest."

"I see. Still, I believe in the long run it will be best to wake him."

Marie looked inquiringly at Pel, who said: "It will be best. He won't mind."

She shrugged her ample shoulders. "I go wake 'im when you say."

Carey shepherded his giant and the midget to the door. "My car's parked downstairs. Estelle," he said. "Can I give you a lift?"

For a brief moment the girl hesitated. She looked towards Salvi, but he was busy lighting a cigarette and did not speak. She rose and said: "Thank you—Dan. That will be lovely. It's a bit awkward on

trams."

The giant turned from the door and looked at Pel. He put his arm on his shoulders, towering above him, and spoke slowly, mouthing the words with difficulty: "You—come—see—Wang—more?"

Pel nodded vigorously. Carey said: "By gum, Pel, I believe the big boy would do anything you told him to."

Linley looked keenly at Pel and then at the giant, then jodded good-night to those making their departure.

When they had gone downstairs the detective said: "Wait for me, Pelham," and accompanied Marie into Sapollo's bedroom.

Left alone Pel sat down and lit a cigarette. He sat smoking, staring in front of him, trying to recall all the things Rena Maroni had said to him. He could hear the mumble of voices in the next room. His eye caught sight of an apple which had rolled partly under a small table and escaped the attention of Salvi. Vaguely he recollected the sword-walker building a pyramid of fruit. He stepped forward, stooped, and picked up the apple.

Please turn to page 20

Mystery of China Sea on the air

Intriguing new serial from 2GB

China's gallant struggle in the present world war has inspired tremendous interest in things Chinese by the public of Australia.

Reflecting this interest there now comes to the radio from station 2GB a dramatisation of "The General Died at Dawn," a novel about China by an American author.

SOME years ago this novel was brought to the screen, and proved a big success. Now, as radio entertainment, it promises to contact an even wider audience eager to hear more about the great land to the north of Australia.

"The General Died at Dawn" was written by the American novelist, Charles Booth. When it was filmed it starred Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll as the romantic couple, and the Russian actor, Akim Tamiroff, played the General whose fate it was to die at dawn.

The story opens on the China Sea, when the captain of the liner, Orient Prince, sights an abandoned Chinese junk. Two passengers, Irene Mallory and Gerry O'Hara, appear to have some mysterious connection with it.

Investigation by an officer and men reveals eleven dead Chinese soldiers, one of them a General. Otherwise the junk seems to be deserted.

Then the investigating officer disappears, and later his body is found in the sea. In his hand is a 100-dollar banknote.

The events leading to this situation actually began a few days earlier in Shanghai, and from the first episode describing the finding of the Chinese junk, the story goes back over those several days that started in Shanghai.

Two of Australia's finest radio actors, John Nugent Hayward and Lyndall Harbour, play the roles allotted to Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll on the screen. They are supported by Lou Vernon as Pierre Conti, the charming French rascal; Bettie Dickson as Janice Ingram, the notorious adventurer;



LYNDALL HARBOUR, one of the stars in "The General Died at Dawn," from Station 2GB.

John Saul as George Marcellas, the go-getting American; George Hewlett as General Yang; Arundel Nixon as Li Peng, the Chinese silver-smith, and many others.

Broadcasts of "The General Died at Dawn" will be heard every Monday to Thursday, at 6.43 p.m., over 2GB.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 12: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 13 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, May 14: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, May 15: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Couplets."

SUNDAY, May 16 (from 4.30 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "First of All, It's Music."

MONDAY, May 17: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, May 18: Musical Alphabet.

Fashion PATTERNS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

THIS dainty design (No. 182) is available traced clearly on a lightweight rayon wool in shades of powder-blue, rust, vintage, and grey, ready to cut and sew.

Note trim little bodice, full skirt gathered into the centre front, and twin hip pockets. The sleeves are short and well extended.

Sizes, 4 to 6 years, price, 12/6, plus 4d. postage, and 4 coupons.

Sizes 6 to 8 years, price, 14/6, plus 6d. postage, and 10 coupons. Paper pattern only, 1/4.

SUPPER-CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

(Note illustration below)

TRACED on a good quality organdie in shades of lemon, pink, blue, and white, this set comes to you ready for embroidery. The cloth measures 36 x 36, and the serviettes 11 x 11in.

Full set consists of cloth and four serviettes, but individual pieces may be obtained, stamped with an attractive floral motif ready for embroidery. Edges may carry a small hem or lace.

Set complete, price 6/11, postage 4d.

Individually: Cloth 3/11, serviettes 10d each. Postage 3d. extra.

When ordering, please quote No. 360.



182



231

INFANT'S READY-TO-MAKE

THE sweet little frock pictured above (231) has been designed for babies up to 12 months.

The pattern is traced on a good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and pale blue, ready to cut out, make up, and embroider.

First size costs 7/11 and 4 coupons. To fit babies 6 months of age, 8/6 and 4 coupons; 12 months, 8/11 and 4 coupons. Postage, 6d.

Paper pattern only can be had for 1/4.

F1990.—Casualy-tailored, loose-fitting cosy winter coat, with useful patch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1796.—Slender-making, attractive suit with fitting coat, and unusual waist treatment. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, or 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F241.—Appealing suit for one to four yearers, with diminutive Peter Pan collar, and tucked blouse. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3018.—Smartly-tailored slack suit, with contrasting bodice front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

Special Concession Pattern

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

WELL-CUT LINGERIE SET

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Slip. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. No. 2.—Vest. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. No. 3.—Panties. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. No. 4.—Brassiere. Requires ½yd., 36ins. wide.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"JANICE" MATERNITY SMOCK.

HERE is an attractive smock of printed rayon silk crepe for the young mother-to-be.

"JANICE" is interpreted in shades of green on a black background, and cyclamen on a sage blue background. It is also available in a floral poplin in royal-blue and red, amber and brown, blue and pale mauve, and two pinks.

Sizes 32, 34-inch bust. Ready to wear, 22/6 (13 coupons); cut out only, 22/11 (13 coupons).

Sizes 36, 38, 40. Ready to wear, 27/6 (13 coupons); cut out only, 27/6 (13 coupons).

Postage, 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "JANICE." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount, and send to Box 34961, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given below. When ordering be sure to state bust measurements and name of model.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 5d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

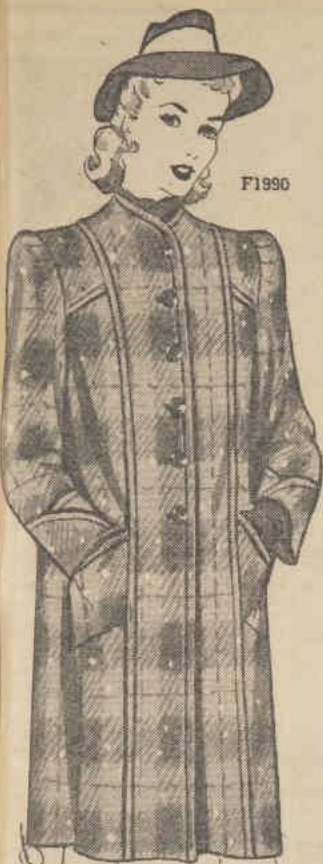
Box 3024, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4085, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 4098, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 1500, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4085, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.) Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 15/5/43

F1513.—Unusual trimming gives this attractive afternoon frock a military appearance. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, or 3½yds. of 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F1990



F1796



F241



F3018



F1513





A.I.F. WEDDING. Major James Alexander Simpson, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Joannanna Woolcock, of Brisbane, leaving St. Mark's Church after their wedding.



MOTHER'S DAY. At the American Centre P.F.C. Anthony Caso, of U.S. Forces, shows Mrs. Lyn Vickery a cable that he is sending to his mother in New York for Mother's Day.



C.W.A. SERVICE CLUB. In cafeteria at C.W.A. club for servicewomen. Private M. Guise, Wran I. Carson, and Private E. Porter are served by Mrs. John Peterson.

On and Off DUTY.

HOSTESSES at Arrows Club, 440 Edgecliff Road, Edgecliff, have thought up another novel idea for a party for servicemen and servicewomen this Saturday.

Having had such success with their "Night in Havana" party, and their "Allied Roundabout," they have decided to carry on the idea of having special entertainment at their Service dances.

"We're calling this an 'Under Your Hat' party," says hostess Betty Dean. "All very hush-hush, with a magician to keep up the air of mystery."

"A resident at the club, Naomi Ryan, who works with U.S. Army, is doing the decorations—rabbits coming out of hats, big question marks, and exclamation points."

Hostesses, who include Jo Tyndall, Nora Clyne and Julie Thornton, organise the whole party themselves, and collect donations for the supper.

Go down to David Jones', where I find the Special Auxiliary of the Red Cross unpacking the 1000 pieces of china and glass they have received for their exhibition and auction.

Mrs. Hector Clayton shows me two pairs of exquisite Sevres vases—a powder-blue pair donated by Miss Joan Twyman, of Goulburn, and a royal-blue pair given by Mrs. Norton Culhane, of Vauchuse.

Mrs. Dundas Allen, Miss Barbara Knox, Mrs. Alleyne Zander, Mrs. Victor White, and Mrs. W. J. Smith among those who help set out the china and glass in period exhibits in the cabinets and on tables. Explanatory notes accompany the pieces.

Exhibition opens this Tuesday, and exhibits will be auctioned on the 18th.

FIRST anniversary of the Overseas League Thursday parties for servicemen is celebrated with special birthday cake, which is cut by president Sir Keith Smith.

Party is attended by many Overseas League members, servicemen, and men of the Merchant Navy.



JUMBLE SALE. Marie Louise Doyle with garments donated for jumble sale to be held at St. Peter's Hall, Darlinghurst, on May 18, for N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children.



ENGAGED. Lieutenant Betty Alder, A.I.F., and Trooper Anthony Ricketson, A.I.F., whose engagement is announced. Betty is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Alder, of Bellevue Hill, and her fiancé is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ricketson, of Melbourne.



JUST ANNOUNCED. The engagement of Norma May, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Pye, of Drummoyne, to Dr. Gordon Balfour Loneridge, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. M. B. Loneridge, of Headingly, Scone.

MEMBERS of younger set of Belmore Red Cross Branch very pleased with success of first in their series of monthly dances at Parry Pavilion Hall.

Cheque for £50 raised by Younger Set in last three months is handed to president of senior committee (Mrs. V. Glasziou) by Younger Set president, Mrs. E. Morgan.

Committee tell me that their next dance is to be held on June 3.

AFTER short holiday in Sydney, Mrs. Keith Monie has returned to her station home, Thornley, at Bingham, which she is managing for the duration.

She takes three-year-old daughter Sheila back with her, leaving elder children, Margaret, Peter and Billy, at school in Sydney.

For her holiday in Sydney she stays with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Nils Storaker, at Bellevue Hill.

ENGAGEMENT announced: Audrey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Charles Baylison, of Auburn, to Ronald Edmund, second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Flood, also of Auburn.



FLOWER STALL. Mrs. W. B. Simpson and Beverley Anderson with some of the lovely flowers on their stall at the Scots College Market Day Fair for the Prisoner of War Appeal.

Heard Around TOWN

DURING leave from northern battle station, Captain Clifford Patn, A.I.F., announces engagement to Shirley Hopkins, of Strathfield, who now wears lovely diamond solitaire.

Shirley is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Hopkins, of Strathfield, and Cliff is the second son of the Reverend and Mrs. K. W. Patn, of Wahroonga.

VERY thrilled over arrival of her first great-grandchild is Mrs. E. Tack, of Sydney. Baby, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Fatt, of Casino, is also first grandchild of her father's parents.

Baby is to be christened Lorraine Frances.

GREAT excitement for Mrs. A. W. Wheeler, of Bathurst, when she receives phone call from her husband, P.O. Wheeler, R.A.A.F., to tell her he has been awarded the D.F.C.

Receives his D.F.C. for successfully attacking an enemy wireless vessel and causing explosion which burns out the vessel, and for an attack on enemy warships in which he scores a direct hit on a destroyer.

ENGAGEMENT is announced of Thelma, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Herford, of Drummoyne, to Corporal Albert Fell, youngest son of Mr. C. Fell, of Kensington, and the late Mrs. Fell.

FARMING TO SOLVE FOOD PROBLEM

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

THESE days when the film stars gather together, the talk invariably revolves round farm produce and cattle-raising, as most of the film personalities are doing their bit to help solve Uncle Sam's food problem.

On a one-day tour of the studios I received comprehensive information ranging from Ray Milland's leghorns to Ida Lupino's pig-raising, and Lon Chaney's apiaries. Since husband, Count Oleg Cassini, has joined the Navy, Gene Tierney has personally supervised the planting of acres of fruit trees and vegetables in the vast grounds of their lovely new home just out of Hollywood. And nowadays the glamorous Gene spends all her spare time digging, weeding, and watering.

Randolph Scott, who is working on Universal's "Corvettes in Action," dashes off to his thousand-acre ranch every week-end. "I am fattening up a hundred porkers on my ranch and also growing vegetables for Army camps, and in exchange the Army provides pig swill from the

kitchens," he said. Scott also raises cattle and horses for Army use.

Ida Lupino continues the business of pig-raising where Scott leaves off, as she has a half-interest in a smoke house.

The most unusual farm is Paulette Goddard's in New York State, where she raises soya beans for conversion into plastic materials.

Joel McCrea, Leo Carrillo, and Eugene Palette all own large ranches with thousands of head of cattle, and they play an active part in raising food for the Government.

Portly Eugene remarked sadly the other day: "Though I have much beef on hoof, I am unable to get more steak than the neighbors. Last week Gene Tierney begged me to bring her a steak, and I hadn't the heart to disappoint her by telling her that I do not slaughter my cattle, so was forced to line up to the local butcher to get Gene's steak."

From the oldest to the youngest, all the stars are working hard and doing a grand job, from Cecil de Mille, who has ploughed up his beautiful rose garden to plant potatoes, to tiny Carolyn Lee, who is raising rabbits.



● One would hardly think that exotic Gene Tierney's current hobby was her huge "victory" garden. Gene takes great pride in her prize fruit and vegetables, which she sends off to the boys in camp. Her next film is "Thunder Birds," with John Sutton.



Movie World

● Between scenes for her latest Universal picture, "We've Never Been Licked," pretty starlet Anne Gwynne spends her spare time raising chickens. Anne was also a voluntary helper picking peaches in the Californian Valley.



It is fun to be out in the sun and wind . . . but it makes one's lips so rough and parched. Personally, I take no risks, I always use Escapade Lipstick, and that keeps my lips so smooth and attractive. There is no other Lipstick quite as good. Escapade is made from the formula of our Principals, one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.



Escapade
THE THOROUGHbred OF
LIPSTICKS

A Good Tonic

Take one or two
POWER'S TABLETS
with your morning
and afternoon tea
each day.

POWER'S TABLETS

Contain:—

Phosphorous, for Nerve and
Sodium for Blood and
Manganese for Nerve and
Iron for Digestion,
Potassium for Muscle and
Calcium for Bone, Blood
and Nerve

POWER'S TABLETS

LARGE FLASKS (50 Tablets). SMALL FLASKS (25 Tablets).

6/6 3/6

From all Chemists.
PT.4.

Shocking ECZEMA

Chemist's Report

"A child of a little over one year had a shocking attack of eczema and all treatment in this town was unavailing. He was then taken to Melbourne, but derived no benefit, and then we tried Flexibar. The result was amazing. In a few days there was a great improvement, in a week it was all cleaned up. We have tried a second case with just the same results."

Extract from a letter from a Victorian country chemist—original in possession of the manufacturers of Flexibar Ointment.

FLEXIBAR is the new type deep penetrating ointment, incorporating TI-TRIO—most powerful germicide. For skin infections of all kinds, eczema, itches, cuts, wounds, etc., ask your chemist for

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 328 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



"Happy-Go-Lucky" is light fare



1 LOAFERS Pete (D. Powell) and Wally (E. Bracken) spend carefree days supervising natives diving for money.



2 VISITING SHOWGIRL Marjory (Mary Martin), posing as heiress, drops bracelet overboard, and Pete dives for it.



4 INTRODUCED by Pete to millionaire Monroe (Rudy Vallee), fortune-hunting Marjory exerts charms at picnic.



3 DISCOVERING Marjory fake Pete threatens exposure unless she gives him money.



5 MILLIONAIRE'S proposal saddens Pete, who now realises he loves Marjory.



6 SUED for hotel bill Marjory in spot, until Pete and Wally beg loan from Monroe to help her.

Keep your hair
neat
and tidy



To keep your hair neat and tidy, rain or fine, simply set your waves with Amami Wave Set. Then whatever the weather may be, your hair will maintain its neatly groomed appearance. You'll find Amami Wave Set economical, too... one bottle will last you several weeks.

Price 1/1½ per bottle.

AMAMI WAVE SET

For a finishing touch, use Amami Brilliantine, specially made for feminine beauty, in four different tones for fair, auburn, dark and grey hair.

Weak Kidneys Often Cause

Nagging Backache and Leg Pains.

DOAN'S

BACKACHE

KIDNEY PILLS

help the kidneys discharge poisonous waste from the blood, thus removing the cause of backache, leg pains, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles. Buy a bottle today.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS.
Foster-McClellan Co.,
Proprietors,
15 Hamilton St., Sydney.

LEND all you can—
Spend when you MUST

Invest in
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

You feel better and are better when your figure is properly supported

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT CORSET gives the busy woman the support and control she must have to prevent the fatigue caused by the drag of heavy muscles.

A **Charma** Brassiere will give better support if it is properly adjusted. And it will last longer if laundered regularly. That applies to your "Lady Ruth," too.

FATHER PIERRE'S Monastery Herbs

Again available

For some time, circumstances beyond our control forced us to discontinue supplying FATHER PIERRE'S MONASTERY HERBS. Now, however, stocks are again in full supply. All those who derived such benefit from this natural treatment will welcome its reappearance to help them keep well.

NATURE'S OWN Constipation, Rheumatism and Acidity, Indigestion, Bad Blood, Liver or Kidney Complaints, Skin Treatment for Troubles, etc.

Sole Proprietors: MONKSEATON HERBALISTS LTD.,
52 Peru Street, Salford 5, Lancs., England.
Australian Distributors: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Pty. Ltd.,
Box 2949 NN, G.P.O., Sydney.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW

1 enclose 10/- Postal Note for an 8-oz. carton of Monastery Herbs.
1 enclose 1/6 (Postal Note, Money Order or Stamp) for a 1-oz. packet of Monastery Herbs.
(Delete words not applicable.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.)

Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 2949 NN, G.P.O., W.W.143 Sydney. 1-43

SKIN HEALTH

The unrivalled germ killing action of Cuticura Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festering and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Cuticura OINTMENT

CUTICURA SOAP
CUTICURA OINTMENT
CUTICURA TALCUM

It's Here!

Paul Jacklin (ex-A.I.F.) does it again!
With Australia's most exciting, maddest, grandest radio feast!
Two years in the making—it laughs as it sings as it plays.

CLINTON-WILLIAMS CRACKER JACK

It brings to Australian radio the cream of the Tivoli stars—along with music, song, and fun for an hour's sheer entertainment!

Listen to

JIM GERALD (Returned from Middle East).
RAYMOND BAIRD, America's musical genius.
MORRIS BARKING, Laugh-a-minute man.
Yvonne Moore, Australia's Vera Lynn.
Paul Jacklin; Neva Carr-Glynn; Hal Thompson; Joy Denny; John Wade; Lloyd Lamble, etc., etc.—with
Bert Howell's (Prince Edward) Orchestra.

2UE, 8 p.m.; 3KZ, 8 p.m.;
7HT-TEX, 8 p.m.;
4BK-4AK, 8.30 p.m.;
5AD-PI-MU-SE, 8.30 p.m.;
2KO, 8 p.m., Wed., May 19
6IX-WB-MD (8 p.m., May 22nd).

• Make a date with Clinton-Williams
CRACKER JACK on Saturday night—May 15.

A 2UE-Jacklin Production.

Presented by CLINTON-WILLIAMS Pty., Ltd.

Adaptable styles for winter

□ Fashion artist Rene has sketched four attractive budget styles for a wartime winter wardrobe.

• That all-purpose dark frock, so useful for these days. Sober accessories for day wear, or gay and frivolous touches if you're dining and dancing.

• If you really must buy a new winter coat, I recommend the newest, most severely important, and thoroughly utilitarian... a chesterfield. Try it in moss-green with brown collar, and do not spoil the simplicity with fussy accents.

• A wool dress, designed to be worn under a short jacket. Styled in two blues, the ensemble looks like a suit, so, hey presto! you have a wool suit and a frock in a coupon-saving manner.

• Use up your season-before-last's jumpers and blouses under this quaintly effective wool pinafore frock checked in gay blues and pinks. You can make the pinafore from a minimum amount of material, or you might whip it up from an old dress or suit.

Rene





POCKET THE SAVING!

Save on dentifrice too, and pocket the change. You get over 1-lb. of the finest tooth paste, free from grit and waste, in the large tube of

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

Every atom does a grand cleaning job. That's why you need less on the brush, and why a tube lasts so long. And it's the only dentifrice that contains the anti-septic oils of LISTERINE itself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burning Dandruff itch and scaling is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germ with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.



Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Broken Sleep, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Crises under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure if kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Cystex
GUARANTEED
for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Unsightly PIMPLES
Cleared Away



Rexona Ointment — still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in new handy jars.

1/6

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.



O.447

Common People

Continued from page 14

garded it for a moment, hands in pocket. "Poor old blighter," he said. "Bit of a shock for him." He walked to the door and inspected the broken lock. "I suppose, Pelham," he said quietly, "you saw nothing of a key when you found her?"

Pel shook his head. "I don't mind telling you," Linley said, "that we can find no key to the door. I thought it might have been in the lock when you came downstairs. People leave keys there sometimes."

"I—we told you we had to break in."

"Yes, yes, of course."

Pel said: "If it would make you feel better I'd like you to look me over."

Linley said half-apologetically: "It's a job." When he had searched, Pel said: "No key?"

Linley said: "Maybe Carey found it."

"He would have given it to you."

"Praps you're right."

Pel picked up the cartons of pastry he had set down while Linley searched him.

On the way into the city in Linley's car the detective said: "That chap Salvi! Know him well?"

Pel said: "No—if you mean do I see him much. I never heard anything against him. Fancies himself rather."

"As a performer?"

"Oh, he's a good performer. No, I meant with the dames."

Linley considered that. "And the dames?" he asked.

"Oh, they fall. He's not a bad-looking guy. Nice hair."

"Is it? I don't go much on curly hair for men."

"Curly—and strong," Pel said. Linley said, fishing: "He struck me as a bit short-tempered."

"Most freaks are."

"Ever seen him lose his head?" Pel smiled. "Fellers like to pull his leg in pubs. Tell him he's a fake. That sort of thing. Salvi

flares up and they bet him he can't stand on broken glass. Just to show them, he'll pull off his shoe and sock and stamp on a tumbler till it's crushed. That's what they want. A free show."

The detective was thoughtful. He said after a while: "Salvi and that girl Estelle know each other pretty well."

Pel said swiftly: "Estelle? You wouldn't be—?"

Linley shook his head. "I like to get all the angles. She's a smart girl the way she uses her toes."

"She's a wonder," Pel said warmly. "Makes more use of them than most women do of their hands. Not only in show business. She's pretty independent. Knits, sews, makes her own bed, cooks. Of course, she's got special gadgets she's thought up herself. Plays the piano, too."

"And she's pretty," Linley added. The car was nearing Pel's tram stop. As it pulled up Linley said, softly: "A girl like that might be jealous."

"I wouldn't know," Pel said. He climbed out of the car and Linley handed him his cartons of pastry. "Might want to see you to-morrow," the detective said. "What time does Sapolio start his fast?"

"Seven-thirty," Pel told him. "We figure to catch a few before the theatres get under way. I'll be at the joint most of the day though."

Pel entered his home quietly using the latchkey Linley had restored to him after he had tried it on the lock at Rena Maroni's apartment. He went noiselessly about the quiet house. He put the cartons he had brought home on to the kitchen table and began unpacking them.

He emptied one, placing the gay little dainties on a plate, took a few from the second, and then carefully lifted out the handkerchief about which he had wrapped the key he had found in Sapolio's flat.

When he had put all the pastry away he took the handkerchief and key into his bedroom, and opening a drawer in his dressing-table, placed them inside and locked it.

To be continued

The Children

Continued from page 3

"We can't leave her here," Gerda said. "Harold, you do something."

"Righto, you needn't look. Close your eyes." He picked Frilly up gingerly, lifted a board on the wall, and dropped her in. "There, she's gone and nobody need know but us," he said softly.

Two nights later Great-aunt Allister took ill and died.

"What made her die?" Harold asked when Sarah told them at breakfast-time.

"They say she drank or ate something to upset her."

"It couldn't have been bad water, could it?" Gerda asked instantly.

"There's no bad water here," Sarah replied. "Come on, eat your breakfast."

As soon as they could the children escaped to the garden. Harold guessed what Gerda was thinking, and although they tried to exclude Virginia from their talks she quickly appreciated the position.

From that moment horror like a dark hedge closed in on the children. Outwardly they conformed to habit, they dressed, cleaned their teeth and said their prayers. They made a pretence of eating their meals. But each minute as it ticked by was full of torment. They drank no water that was not boiled. Fear upset their insides. Night after night Gerda awoke from uneasy sleep, screaming. Virginia was found sleep-walking. Sarah sent for the doctor, and he was kind, but he believed in nature cures for children.

"Let them run wild," he said. "It's what they've been through. Delayed shock." And he ordered nothing more alarming than barley sugar, and effervescent salts.

In an attempt to give them salts Sarah became really frightened. It was the only time the children knew for certain they were taking un-boiled water, and they fought against the medicine so frantically that she decided to telegraph their mother.

After the medicine had been practically forced down their throats they went into the garden, awaiting their mother's arrival.

Adams came up from the bottom of the garden. Like all the household, he was concerned about the children. He gave them a wave.

"I was comin' for you three. I was wanting your help."

"What for?" asked Gerda listlessly.

Adams leant against a tree. "I've found Frilly."

Harold stared at him. "Found her! You can't have."

Adams laughed. "I have then. A board had got loose in the well and the poor little thing fell in."

Gerda spoke on a gasp. "How did you find out?"

Adams opened his mouth to explain that his nose had led him, but thought better of it.

"I happened to be about, and I looked in and there she was."

Harold moved towards Adams as if Adams were a magnet and he a needle.

"But wasn't she under the water?" Adams laughed.

"Water! I reckon there's been no water there for fifty year. We don't use well water these days, you know. We use the council water from the tap."

Mother was on the lawn with Sarah when the children came bursting out of the kitchen garden, where they had been assisting at Frilly's funeral. They were over-noisy, shrieking and pushing one another about.

Sarah gasped at them. "Well I never. They have cheered up. You'll think I sent for you for nothing 'm."

Mother smiled and shook her head. "I shan't. They suffered from shock. An air raid like that and being buried is a ghastly experience."

Sarah shuddered. "Terrible!"

Mother smiled, for the children were turning cart-wheels. They ran joyfully towards her.

"But isn't it wonderful how quickly they forget?"

(Copyright)



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



It's just my cup of tea!

Macleans Tooth Paste is thoroughly cleansing and has a most refreshing flavour. Macleans... the perfect dentifrice.

1 1/4 and 1 7/8 per tube

MACLEANS
TOOTH PASTE

"British to the teeth"

EXHAUSTING "HANG-ON" BRONCHIAL COUGHS

STOPPED QUICK!

Three-way relief for coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore, harsh throats.



MOUNTAIN MIXTURE lets you breathe. A single dose eases the tight screwed-up congestion, and the warming, penetrating thymus, eucalyptus and peppermint relieve the cough that makes you breathless and makes your throat red raw. MOUNTAIN MIXTURE acts at once, so get in touch with its soothing benefits right away. Buy a bottle under the guarantee that unless your cold begins to clear at once you may have your money back.

Mountain Mixture
PEPPERMINT

AUNT MARY'S
BAKING POWDER
A Super Quality Product

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
and Keep Feeling Fit
TAKE **CARTERS**
Little Liver Pills

It takes good old Carters Little Liver Pills to get your bile working and make you feel up and up.

Price 1/3.
Distributors:
Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Gloves for servicewomen

● Hands will be kept snug and warm all through winter in gloves like these.

THESE gloves are knitted on two needles, a fact that will be welcomed by all knitters.

Another point in their favor—the gloves are made to fit either hand. Non-bulky, they fit snugly and well.

Points to Note: No. 1—The knitted rows are worked up and down the fingers and palm in garter-stitch (plain both sides) and cuff ribbed in rounds same as socks. Slip 1st st. of every row. Do not cast on (or off) the sts. tightly down sides of fingers. K into the backs of all cast on sts.

Materials: 2oz. 4-ply wool for 1 pair. 1 set (4) No. 10 needles (loose knitters should use No. 11 needles).

LITTLE FINGER (HALF)

Cast on 32 sts. K 6 rows. Cast off 12 sts., k to end.

SECOND FINGER (HALF)

K to end. Cast on 16 sts., k 8 rows, cast off 16 sts., k to end.

MIDDLE FINGER (HALF)

K to end. Cast on 18 sts., k 8 rows. Cast off 18 sts., k to end.

FIRST FINGER (HALF)

K to end. Cast on 16 sts., k 10 rows. K 24 sts. and transfer them to a thread of wool. K to end. K 2 rows the remaining sts.

THUMB (WHOLE)

K to end. Cast on 14 sts., k 20 rows. Cast off 14 sts., k to end. K 2 rows. This completes half glove (with whole thumb).

FIRST FINGER

K to end of row, transfer 24 sts. on thread to a needle and k them. K 10 rows. Cast off 16 sts., k to end.

MIDDLE FINGER

K to end. Cast on 18 sts., k 8 rows. Cast off 18 sts., k to end.

SECOND FINGER

K to end. Cast on 16 sts., k 8 rows. Cast off 16 sts., k to end.

LITTLE FINGER

K to end. Cast on 12 sts., k 6 rows. Cast off all sts.

THE CUFF

Pick up 48 sts. (24 on each half of length). Have 16 sts. on each of 3 needles. Join and rib in rounds of 2 plain and 2 puri for 4ins. Cast off in rib (not tightly). Make another glove in the same way.

TO COMPLETE GLOVES

The wrong side of glove is where sts. are cast off. When sewing seams at sides of fingers, sew single loops of cast on and cast off sts. together. This makes a flat seam.

Fold glove in half, and seam from top of thumb to where thumb meets hand. Then seam each finger, taking care in fitting halves together. Seam at side of hand. Turn on to right side.

Do not iron, as it removes the elasticity from the knitting.



HERE YOU SEE the gloves which have been specially designed for members of the Services. Two ounces of wool will make them; one coupon only required. Instructions serve for left and right hands—the one glove will fit either hand comfortably.

Kitchen hygiene By... MEDICO

● You may not have a modern, streamlined kitchen, but for health and comfort's sake make it efficient, hygienic, and as attractive as you possibly can.

I HAVE often wondered why Australian housewives put up with so many domestic and hygienic handicaps, especially in the kitchen.

House to house surveys in Australian towns have revealed a surprising state of affairs. In one town, which can be taken as a sample, one out of every five houses had no meat-safe, the fresh meat being hung on hooks in the open air—exposed to flies—and when cooked, stored in an ordinary cupboard.

Two out of five kitchens had no sink. One out of five had no running water laid on. Only one house in a hundred had a grease-trap to stop grease and bits and pieces from getting into the drainage pipes, and in most houses the waste water from the kitchen was allowed to run over the surface of the ground, where lived flies and mosquitoes.

Of course we all can't have a modern gauze-screened kitchen with washable walls, cupboards, refrigerator, stove, and table arranged neatly for comfort, hot and cold water at the turn of a tap, and wide windows with a pleasant view. But we can make some improvements with a little thought and ingenuity.

Flies, for instance, can be kept down by the use of the swatter and fly-papers. If all food is kept well covered and out of sight, they will not have any encouragement to make your kitchen a meeting-place. But it is much easier and more effective to prevent flies from breeding than it is to kill them when they are flying about.

The commonest place for fly-breeding is in the refuse heap. Household rubbish should be put in a covered refuse bin and, if not removed regularly by the council, should be burnt in an incinerator.

Once rubbish has been crawled over by flies burying will not prevent fly breeding, as the adult fly, when it emerges, can crawl through four feet of earth. Few Australians realise that flies will breed in the ground where waste kitchen water is thrown. Waste water should pass through a grease-trap and be absorbed underground.

Washing-up will be easier and more efficient if the dishes are rinsed in scalding water after the soapy wash.

If a draining-board rack is used, drying-up can be dispensed with altogether.

It has been found that more efficient washing-up methods reduce the spread of colds and sore throats.

Have a stool built to measure, then you can sit down and do such jobs as ironing in comfort. Once you have tried using a tall stool you will wonder how you ever did without one.

It seems that in the past we have been intent on the front of the house, and given too little thought to the kitchen. For, after all, the housewife spends most of her day in the kitchen and she is entitled to have the best room—cool in summer, cheery in winter.

Pimples Go Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. The Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm now 2/-

For Skin Sore, Pimples and Itch



NO TIRED or aching back if working table is the correct height. The one shown above is too low; top should be two inches below waistline, says Medico.



YOU CAN SAVE HIS LIFE!

We'll never know how many babies like this have been bayoneted, burnt or bombed. We do know—and it's one of the most terrible things we know—that each day of war brings misery or death to babies.

Won't you, as a woman, help to shorten these days of war... help to save some mother's baby by taking the sort of war job that you can do? It is easy to make arrangements for that job. First of all—Have a heart-to-heart talk with someone

at your nearest National Service Office.

You will be found the sort of job that suits you... and that will save you as much time as possible in tram, train or bus travelling. Even if you cannot work full time there's a part-time war job for you.

Give yourself a break from housework or that job you've always done. Take the job that will let you say "Each day I'm here I help to save a baby's life."

W.W.E.S.77

SPEND WISELY!



Spend Wisely, HORROCKSES Sheets and Pillowcases are known throughout the world for their durability and snowy whiteness. You can depend upon this brand giving you lasting satisfaction

Bug War Savings Certificates

Horrockses Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

CAKES ... from your own oven

• The cake-tin need not disappear from the kitchen front. Cake is an energiser, an appetite satisfier. Moreover, cake on the table is a comforting symbol of family life.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

ECONOMY is the chief housewifely virtue these days. It can be fun to be thrifty and clever with cakes.

Margarine or good beef dripping can serve as shortening and pass for butter with the judicious use of lemon juice.

Shortening and eggs can be cut down to a minimum if cakes are freshly served.

Powdered milk can be sifted with the cake-flour and water used for mixing.

Cornflour mixtures can make luscious and inexpensive fillings and cream need not be missed.

Grated orange and lemon rind can take the place of bottled essences.

Decorating without icing is no wartime hardship. Garden-fresh flowers or berries, leaf sprays and crisp, green tendrils can form charming settings for cakes, large or small.

Remember, attractive service is a meal-time essential.

A coating of hot jam and a sprinkling of finely chopped nuts give a finished surface to a plain cake.

Sugar patterns can be dusted on cakes through paper doyleys or cut paper designs.

Chopped jelly or marshmallow cream or flummery mixture can be used as toppings or fillings.

NUTTY LUNCH CAKE

Two ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon



baking powder, 1 cup milk, vanilla.

Filling: Quarter-cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped nuts, 3 dessertspoons flour, 2 dessertspoons melted butter, 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar, add the egg-yolk and sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and spread half the cake mixture into a well-greased, six-inch cake-tin.

Mix together the filling, spread half over the tin, cover with the rest of the cake mixture, and top with remainder of the filling. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) from 40 to 50 minutes.

ORANGE TEA CAKE

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Separate the white from the yolk of the egg. Beat white stiffly, add sugar gradually and continue beating until thick. Add yolk and whisk. Lightly stir in milk and grated orange rind, and then sifted flour, and lastly the melted butter. Place in a well-greased sandwich tin, and bake in the upper half of a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Brush with melted butter while hot and serve either hot or cold.

FARM-HOUSE BROWNIE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 6oz. mixed fruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 orange.

Sift the flour and cinnamon into a basin, add sugar, mixed fruit, and orange rind and mix with beaten eggs, milk, and melted butter.

Bake in a slab tin in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) from 30 to 35 minutes.

MACARON DINNER CAKE

Half-cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Topping: 3 egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup crushed biscuit crumbs.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add the egg-yolks one at a time and beat well. Flavor with vanilla and add the milk alternately with the sifted flour and salt. Place in a greased tin and cover with macaroon topping.

Macaroon Topping: Beat the egg-whites until stiff, add the sugar and then the biscuit crumbs, and spread over the uncooked cake. Place in centre of a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) and cook from 40 to 45 minutes.

SPICY CURRANT CAKE

Half-pound good dripping, 1lb. brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1lb. currants, 1 cup milk, 3 cups self-raising flour, vanilla, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice.

Cream dripping, lemon juice, and sugar well, add beaten eggs gradually, and part of the milk and vanilla. Fold in the currants, sifted flour, and spices alternately with the remainder of the milk. Bake in greased 1lb. cake-tin in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

MEAL MORALE is pepped up by gay garnishes. Garden berries, leaf sprays, and flower posies are pretty and fragrant substitutes for pre-war icings and creams.

BROWN CAKE

One cup castor sugar, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1 cup boiling water, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 egg.

Place sugar, sifted flour, melted butter, milk, cocoa (which has been dissolved in boiling water) into a basin and mix all well together (see no flour remains unmixed). Break egg into this mixture, and beat until smooth. Place in a well-greased slab tin in the upper half of a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) and cook from 25 to 30 minutes.

MOCK PEACH CAKES

Two ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add the egg-yolk, then milk and vanilla gradually. Fold in well-sifted flour and lastly the stiffly beaten egg-white.

Cook in greased gem tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. When cold, join together with hot jam, brush outside with thin hot jam and toss in strawberry jelly crystals. Serve on plate garnished with peach leaves.

MARBLE BAR

Four ounces butter or margarine, 4oz. sugar, 2 or 3 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 6 tablespoons milk, vanilla essence, cochineal, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, raspberry jam.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add well-beaten eggs gradually, then fold in the sifted flour alternately with milk and vanilla. Separate mixture into three. Leave one section plain. Color one pink and the third brown with cocoa dissolved in little water. Place alternate spoonfuls of each color in 2 bar tins with teaspoons of raspberry jam spread between the joins. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes.

FEATHER LEMON SPONGE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cornflour, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Separate eggs, add pinch of salt to whites and beat to a stiff froth. Add the yolks and lemon rind, then the sugar, and beat till very stiff. Lightly stir in the sifted flour, cornflour and baking powder. Place in two well-greased sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. When cold, join together with lemon mock cream.

LEMON MOCK CREAM

Juice of one lemon, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon lemon rind.

Dissolve cornflour and sugar in the water and lemon juice and stir over a low gas until thickened. Cook one minute. Remove from gas, add egg-yolk and butter, and allow to cool, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white.

Anyone can grow carrots

• Versatile, one of the most important of the vegetable family—sow seed at once!

THE carrot is versatile because you can serve it raw as an appetiser, combine it with other vegetables (grated) in salads, cook it in many ways for variety, or use it as an ingredient in soups and stews.

The home gardener will see, therefore, why dietitians recommend the growing of this valuable vegetable the year round.

But one of the chief reasons why large supplies of carrots should always be on hand is the fact that they contain vitamins A, B, and C in readily available form.

The culture of the carrot is rather simple. Though they prefer sandy loam or peat, they will grow in any fairly fertile soil that is free of stones, clods, and fresh manure.

The use of commercial fertilisers is recommended for carrots because fresh manure will cause the roots to grow in a prongy, rough form, which renders them practically useless.

Sow the seeds before really cold weather sets in. As the seed germinates slowly, and rather poorly, it should be sown thickly and covered with half-inch of fine soil, except in heavy land, where quarter-inch is sufficient. Thin the seedlings out to about 4in. apart, and allow at least 12in. between the rows.

Hand weed the rows regularly and keep the soil loose between the rows, but be careful not to damage roots.

Best varieties for present sowing are Early Nantes, Ox Heart, Scarlet Intermediate, Manchester Table, St. Valery, and Scarlet Long Horn.—Our Home Gardener.

Faith — and your food ...

Even before the war you did not have that "personal acquaintance" with the food appearing on your table that your grandfather had. It comes to you not from a neighbour's farm, but from all over Australia and from the far places of the Empire.

And you take it upon trust.

How have you placed that trust over this, the first necessity of life? By the brand-names under which your food appears in the shops, by the proven purity, flavour, and goodness of this brand or that.

For many years you have trusted Heinz Foods for these reasons, and Heinz have striven to give better and yet better foods—to live up to your faith in them.

Nowadays Heinz have had their part to play in the national effort and not all their good things can go to the public; therefore, you will sometimes find smaller stocks of the famous varieties in your shops.

For Heinz will not betray your trust by lowering the quality, by buying cheaper, "make-do" ingredients just to get sales. They are determined that the war's end shall find this "faith between men" whole and unimpaired.

Meanwhile each time you see the familiar label you will know that there, under your hand, is Heinz quality for a few pence—a food that has not been debased in quality or purity, in flavour or nutriment.



H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.

SIMPLE RECIPES... win cash prizes

● Homely, old-fashioned, and low-budget recipes can win a place on this page if they are seasonable, sound in proportion and method, and interesting. Cash prizes awarded every week in our popular cookery competition.

FIRST prize this week goes to a soldier, Good luck to you, Private McMahon, and thanks for your recipe. Your snitzel will be tried out in countless households.

The golden crumb topping of the apple pie, another prize-winner, is delicious... You'll like them all!

SNITZEL

(Brought from Palestine, Ninth Division)

One pound steak, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1 cup self-raising flour, milk, 1 egg.

Make deep incisions on one side of steak—1-inch apart. Sprinkle minced onion into cuts, sprinkle salt and pepper. Make batter of milk, egg, flour, salt and pepper, any remaining onion. Drop steak in batter, fry until almost cooked; lift from pan, drop again in batter, and deep fry until golden brown. Serve with vegetables.

First Prize of £1 to Private R. McMahon, 67 Ferry Rd., Glebe Point, N.S.W.

CRUMB CARAMEL APPLE PIE

Four baking apples, cut up, sprinkled with cinnamon and brown sugar to taste, and placed in buttered pie-dish. Make a paste of 1 cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup plain flour.

Rub these three ingredients together. When like breadcrumbs, press together as a paste, and spread firmly on top of apples. Bake in slow oven until golden brown, about three-quarters to 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Jerry E. Page, 10 Billong St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

SWISS APPLE TART

Put a thick layer of peeled and sliced apples in a pie-dish. Sprinkle with sugar, and put a layer of finely-chopped figs on top (fig jam will do). Repeat layers, pour over a little



HEARTY SALAD for week-end luncheon. Combine raw and cooked vegetables. Note the skin is left on the cucumber; score it with a fork before slicing.

sherry or water, if preferred. Cover with flaky paste and bake 45 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond, El. Vic.

VEGETABLE CREAM SOUP

Two cups cooked vegetables (sieved), 2 cups vegetable or meat stock, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Put the prepared vegetables into a saucepan with stock, and simmer 20 minutes. Add flour (mixed smoothly with the milk) and stir until boiling. Thin down with more stock or milk if necessary, and



LUNCH IDEA for one day this week: Pack a vegetable and cheese party with a firm red tomato for each member of the family. Hot soup or cocoa in the thermos is good.

with a thin-bladed knife until soft dough rewards your efforts. Place on a lightly-floured board and smooth out or pat with your hand to about 1-inch thickness, handling as little as possible. Cut into suitable shapes with floured scone cutter or knife, place on oven trays, and bake in a hot or "quick" oven for 12 to 15 minutes.

Alternative: After cutting the mixture, instead of placing it in the oven, transfer to a frying-pan with a small amount of fat and fry until golden brown. Served piping hot with a little honey they are delicious.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to 29389—Cpl. Dowd, T. E., Group 43, R.A.A.F., Darwin, N.T.

COLONIAL PUMPKIN TART

Line a medium-size pie-pan with pastry, cover with two cups of thinly-sliced pumpkin, cut in 1-inch lengths. Over the top of the pumpkin sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 tablespoon vinegar, and 4 tablespoons light brown sugar. Dust over top small quantity of cinnamon, ground cloves, and nutmeg. Cover with a top crust and bake in a moderately hot oven. When baked the filling tastes like citron. Costs less than 1/-.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Trewartha, cr. Keeyuga Rd., Gladsville, N.S.W.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9½d jar.
At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods
Distributors: Fessenden & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

No Asthma in 2 Years

Two years ago J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, was in bed with Asthma. Had lost 40 pounds weight, suffered coughing every night—couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and he has had none since—in OVER TWO YEARS. Mendaco is so successful, it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, or money back on return of empty packages.

Mendaco

Relieves Asthma... Now 6/-, 12/-.

fortuna cloth

AUSTERITY MESSAGES

From the wives...

... of AUSTRALIA'S LEADERS



"We're proud of our fighting men—and with reason—give them the same right to be proud of us! Show the world that the women of Australia are making a total War Effort, and can cheerfully sacrifice peace-time luxuries and pleasures to back up our men. The boys in the front line are counting on you! Save every penny to buy War Bonds and Certificates."

—Says Dame Mary Hughes.



WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE
Sure Relief for Heavy Chest Colds

POTATO SCONES

Three cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 to 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1½ cups mashed potato, and enough milk to mix (approximately 1 cup).

Sift flour, salt, and sugar in your mixing-dish, then work in the butter with the finger-tips. Pour in the milk all at once, and mix quickly

Advantage of test-feeding

(By Our Mothercraft Nurse)

IF a baby gains weight regularly each week, suffers no digestive upsets in any way, and is contented and happy, the milk supply must be sufficient.

If, however, a baby is not thriving, or has signs of indigestion, the only way to find out just what is causing the trouble is to weigh baby before and after each feeding (i.e., test-feeding), for at least several feeds.

By this means the amount of food taken can be checked, also the time in which it is taken.

Test-feeding is a very simple procedure, and a leaflet describing how it can be carried out has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be sent free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

SOOTHES at a TOUCH!



Germolene...

Quickly heals

ECZEMA, BURNS, WOUNDS,
INSECT BITES, HEAT RASH,
ABSCESSSES, SUNBURN, CUTS.

IMEDIATELY you apply **Germolene** to any skin trouble, sore place or open wound, you notice the difference. It soothes—at a touch. It heals—in record time. It ends itching, smarting, irritation—instantly. Skin troubles are quickly overcome by **Germolene**. It gives you the wonderful healing touch! Grateful people all over the British Empire enthusiastically testify to its wonderful effect.

In glass jars
1/6
one size only.



EVAN WILLIAMS

Essential
hair health!

SHAMPOO.





is its value to the nation in War and in Peace

In the days before the war, the makers of Agee Pyrex were busy supplying the needs of wise housewives for modern glass ovenware . . . to-day, they are also producing a wide and varied range of dispensary, laboratory, and clinical glassware for use by the fighting services, in army hospitals, in laboratories and munition plants, all in furtherance of Australia's war effort. It is in times of national crisis such as the war has brought about that the true value of an industry can be assessed. And it is to Australia's benefit that out of your popular Pyrex casseroles should come this vitally necessary glassware to meet Australia's wartime demand.



AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY
CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.